



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

THE much heralded "compromise" has been announced, and now those persons who have been scrambling from one side of the fence to the other during the last few weeks, in their efforts to be on the winning side in the end, are trying to avoid looking conscious. The "compromise" is in no sense what it is called. It is a surrender by the Government supporters of the West and a triumph for the Roman Hierarchy of Quebec. The Separate school clauses as they originally stood in the Autonomy Bill provided for the maintenance of Separate schools in the new provinces forever, and they also provided that such schools should be entitled to the same Government support, in money, as the Public schools. The amendment—the so-called compromise proposal—provides for the maintenance of Separate schools in the new provinces forever, and it also provides that such schools shall be entitled to the same Government support, in money, as the Public schools. The only change in the clauses is that which provides that the Separate schools shall be entitled to public moneys only so long as they are conducted in accordance with the present regulations of the North-West Territories in regard to Separate schools. The Hierarchy could not have conceded less than that which is conceded in this amendment, and the Western representatives could not be satisfied with a more trivial excuse for swinging back into line with the Government, as it is said they will swing back. The amendment is a cheap political trick which should deceive no one, and which will deceive no one when the people of the country have an opportunity of expressing their opinion of a Government that plays the highwayman. If Mr. Sifton turns a second handspring and goes back to the Government, as seems not unlikely, he will end his political career when he next faces his constituents—unless the people of the West are worthily represented by the log-rollers at Ottawa, which I am unable to believe. The whole spectacle presented by the Dominion House during the last four weeks is one of the most painful and disgusting that could come under the observation of any people supposed to enjoy representative government. Even so far as it has gone through the House, the Autonomy Bill has shattered more idols and dispelled more illusions than, perhaps, any legislation that has come before a Canadian Parliament in a great many years. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has forfeited his claim as a champion of democracy and the upholder of provincial rights, and is now revealed as an opportunist and the tool of the Hierarchy of his church.

Mr. Borden on Wednesday, however, became explicit, and there is every indication that there will be a clearly defined issue on the question in the House. His amendment is unequivocal and definite:

That all the words after the word "that" to the end of the section be left out, and the following substituted therefor: "Upon the establishment of a province in the North-West Territories of Canada, as proposed by bill No. 69, the Legislature of such province, subject to and in accordance with the provisions of the British North America Act, 1867 to 1886, is entitled to and should enjoy full powers of provincial government, including powers to exclusively make laws in relation to education."

In moving the amendment the Opposition leader is said to have made one of the best speeches of his life. The stand taken by him is essentially upon constitutional ground and he explicitly stated that the question was not a distinct party one. The debate as it continues will give the country a knowledge where the representatives of the people stand on this question.

THE *Globe* has been performing some remarkable stunts during the last two or three weeks, and has succeeded in confounding its daily rivals, and probably its readers also. The *Globe* started out by opposing the Government's autonomy legislation in so far as it dealt with Separate schools. When Sir Wilfrid introduced his bill to the House the leading Government organ puffed itself up, choked indignantly, clenched its fists and whispered softly: "We can't quite agree with that." Then followed some days of apparent hesitation and what looked like wriggling, and finally the *Globe* seemed, to those who did not really know it, to be making a desperate attempt to get back in line with its friends at Ottawa. Its rivals at once jumped upon it and accused it of turning a handspring. Though I did not for a moment suspect the *Globe* of any such treachery, I think I accused it of acting like an idiot on a hot stove—and I don't admit that the accusation was unjust. But the *Globe* was doing its best. It thought it was expressing the same opinion it had expressed at first; it was merely unable to see what the logical conclusion drawn from its articles would be. On Tuesday last it realized the injustice it was suffering and engaged a lawyer to write a real editorial for it, in which was clearly set forth its position and what it had been trying to say for weeks. I regret to see that the other daily papers have not had the grace to apologize for their ungracious conduct. Anyone who would falsely accuse a doting old woman and decline to make amends when the error was pointed out, is low enough to steal sheep. The *Globe's* angry scolding about the maliciousness of those persons who persist in discussing the merits and demerits of Separate schools, instead of confining their attention to the constitutional aspects of the question now before the public, is merely an indication of the annoyance the organ feels at finding itself working side by side with those wretched Tory and independent papers. Its remarks should not be taken to mean what they would mean in any other publication. In justice to the paper, it is necessary to warn its readers that anything it says is not necessarily the thing it wants to say or thinks it is saying. It doesn't believe in Separate schools any more than the papers it abuses believe in them, but it is a sufficiently painful effort it finds itself called upon to make in explaining its policy in regard to the constitution, and it doesn't propose to go to the expense of calling in another lawyer to explain editorially its views in regard to Separate schools in the abstract—and it is just too cross for anything—so there!

JUDGE O'NEIL RYAN, an Irish-Yankee wind bag from St. Louis, addressed the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Massey Hall on St. Patrick's Day, and in the course of his address gave free utterance to his views regarding the future of Ireland and its duty to itself. Judge O'NEIL RYAN had the discretion and good taste, in a British city which was offering him its hospitality, and before loyal British subjects who had extended to him every courtesy, to take advantage of his opportunity to insult both his audience and the city by advocating a rebellion and revolution in Ireland and the establishing of a republic. I dare say the Judge was even surprised that his pompous exhibition of bad taste should have produced absolutely no enthusiasm. From the manner in which he rounded his periods it was evident that he expected his theatrical climax to be received with loud bursts of applause. He was unaware that Irishmen in Canada have no grievances to air, that they enjoy more real freedom than their brothers in the United States, and that they realize that the trouble in Ireland is produced very largely by a set of professional disturbers who are unwilling to earn a living by devoting their attention to any occupation that will not permit them to shout and strut theatrically before audiences and get themselves reported in the newspapers. The talk of Irish independence is utter rot, and every Irish-Canadian knows it. The talk of England being responsible for Irish poverty is little more sane. Ireland is steeped in ignorance, and its ignorance is the deliberate work of Irishmen—priests and their creatures—who realize that their power, their very means of livelihood, depend on the pitiable ignorance of their people, and who take every precaution to guard against popular enlightenment. These mischief-makers, realizing that they must

furnish their victims with some explanation of their misery, loudly denounce and agitate against England as the cause of Irish woes. There are, doubtless, serious grievances in Ireland, grievances of a kind which might be redressed, and which are being redressed, by the British Parliament. But the methods of the Irish Parliamentary party are such as alienate the sympathy of those who otherwise would feel inclined to join hands with the Irish members in working for the general good of the country. If Ireland had not so many Parliamentary representatives of the Judge Ryan type, she would probably get pretty nearly anything she wanted from the British Government; but what Canadian would feel like doing anything for a party represented by a Judge Ryan, a bouncer who comes as a guest into a friendly country and advocates rebellion, bloodshed and revolution? The kind of freedom Ireland really needs is freedom from the priesthood which is grinding her into the mud. If she gains this liberty she will soon acquire liberty of the mind, through education, and with this all things are possible.

THE Toronto *Star* has published several editorial articles on the "intolerance of Ontario." According to the *Star* this province leaves itself open to the charge of religious intolerance because it has never given Sir Wilfrid Laurier the majorities he deserves and because it now objects to the course of the Dominion Government in fastening Separate schools on the new provinces of the West for all time. Why Ontario should be deemed intolerant because it has not always given Laurier a majority does not appear to the ordinarily observant eye. Whitney certainly has more right to call it intolerant because of the length of time it kept him in Opposition—yet not even the *Mail*, so far as I remember, has ever brought such a charge against the province. As for the *Star's* charge of intolerance, based on Ontario's attitude toward the

he has re-discovered it. With this old-new force brought under control it is claimed that the work of the world will be revolutionized. I dare say it is desirable to obtain command of the greatest forces in nature, but these discoveries are always cropping up and temporarily knocking our hopes of real progress on the head. From the day that the probability of Toronto securing electric power from Niagara Falls was first mooted, the Toronto Railway Company has been steadily going down hill. The management has been patiently awaiting the advent of the power and letting its old plant slowly and painfully wear out. Now that this Frenchman has dug up the secret of the ancient Egyptians, it is not unlikely that the company will abandon its plans in regard to its use of Niagara power and settle down for a long wait for the day when the force that built the Pyramids may be whipped into shape and furnished to corporations at bargain-day prices. Progress is not always convenient.

THERE seems to be something connected with the work of coal-mining which makes people liable to severe and uncontrollable attacks of religious enthusiasm. A little while ago the newspapers were filled with accounts of the startling outbreak of religion in the coal-mining districts of Wales. A man who called himself a prophet, a man who had seen visions and things, started out on the rampage and drove the miners into a state of temporary insanity with his theatrical religious fervor. The other day a despatch from Sydney, N.S., announced that the miners of Cape Breton had caught the disease and were injuring business by their efforts to convince themselves and others that they were being "saved." Religion of the variety that compels its victims to conduct themselves like lunatics can't be regarded as convincing or valuable by persons not given to uncontrolled displays of emotion. The people of Cape Breton are said to be

did the efforts of the well-meaning person who urged his youthful follower to climb the maple.

THE first session of the eleventh Legislature of Ontario began Wednesday. As was to be expected, there was a greater crowd than has been. It was Restoration Day for the Conservatives of Ontario, and the members of the historic party which is said only to bloom to fullness in court favor, came out of its Cromwellian gloom of thirty-three years and bloomed in the glad sunshine of power. As a social affair, which, after all, outside its formal necessities, it has resolved itself into, it was a distinct success. The ladies were as handsome as ever, and there were more of them; the aides-de-camp and staff were as glittering, and there were more of them; the Hamilton soldiers looked well; the mace glittered, and the new Speaker, Hon. Mr. St. John, looked as unctuously happy as he very easily can look. The Premier, in moving the appointment of the new Speaker, was, if not happy—for Mr. Whitney is seldom happy—gravely decorous and discursively historical. In a more than usually long speech for an occasion of the kind, the Premier strove to impress upon his auditors the importance of the Speaker of a British Legislature, as one of the bulwarks of constitutional freedom, while Hon. Mr. St. John beamed upon him, and it is to be believed, was convinced. Everybody, except the ladies, from the new Ministers congregated about the Speaker's chair to the door-keepers, seemed a bit new at the job, but there was nothing of more sensational interest than the sitting of a stout lady on a Minister's high hat left unprotected on a vacant chair. The speech from the throne contained no surprises. The numbered ballot is apparently doomed. There will be a Department of Mines, to be placed under the charge of a Minister who will be known as the Minister of that department. Instead of Commissioners of Crown Lands and of Public Works, those in charge of these departments will be called Ministers. A satisfactory answer has been received from the Dominion Government as to the extension of the boundaries of the province northward to Hudson Bay. The extension of the Temiskaming Railway will be proceeded with to a junction with the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific. There were other matters touched upon, but none of them of sufficient burning interest at the moment to explain the strenuous efforts of a surging crowd outside the packed Assembly to get inside and hear them formally referred to.

THE latest cables set out that the Peace party in Russia is growing stronger. It is at the same time announced that the Czar is more determined than ever to continue the war. The whilom allies of Russia, such as France, are said to be bringing their influence to bear in favor of peace. It is almost impossible to calculate what effect the influence of public opinion in such a country as Russia would have upon an absolute monarch such as the Czar is supposed to be, or what would be the degree of influence foreign advice would have upon such a superstitious weakling as the Czar is frequently described. The few writers of repute who know Russia fail to make the situation in the great Empire of the Czars clear to Western minds. Completely out of touch with the spirit of the great bulk of the people he rules, it can be understood that the Czar probably is. It is equally to be believed that he is almost completely under the influence of the great oligarchical families who have everything that appeals to their traditions in preserving the prestige of Russia as the dominant power in the Far East. Successful Japan, elated by her victories, shows no indications of taking the initiative in peace overtures. Fresh armies are to be enrolled and hurled at the triumphant divisions of Oyama—and throughout the Russian Empire is seething and boiling the spirit of rebellion and nihilism, watching its opportunity whose coming the down-trodden classes of Russia have awaited from generation to generation. It may be that we at this distance do not understand the situation, the great mystery of Russia which has been the puzzle of European politics for the last century and a half, but we can understand that an aroused populace has been shot down in her principal city at the palace gates, and that the flower of her armies has been driven from field after field by the volunteer troops of an unrecognized power, and that it is more than perilous for the Russian flag to be flown on the high seas east of the Suez Canal.

MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON sentenced Reilly, the young man who was found guilty of conspiracy in the Hastings ballot-box case, to one year's imprisonment in the common jail. To some the sentence may appear severe, but these sympathetic people probably fail to grasp the seriousness, and demoralizing influence of such a cold-blooded plot to thwart the will of the people in a constitutionally governed, democratic country. It is a question even now, whether the ordinary citizen recognizes the far-reaching, demoralizing effect of electoral crookedness of the nature of the Hastings ballot-box fraud. The foolhardiness of the attempt rather emphasizes the crime. The chances of discovery were so great, that the principals and agents in the conspiracy must have been more than reckless. They were indifferent, apparently, to the consequences of discovery. Sympathy towards the young man cannot be altogether withheld, but, after all, there cannot be any criticism of the sentence of a man who, arrived at the age of manhood and following a calling requiring intelligence and a clear conception of right and wrong, deliberately permits himself to be a party to the stealing from a constituency of the right to an honest voice in the government of the country. The electoral corruption of the past, to some extent condones the petty election crookedness of older men who in other days became familiar with these methods and treated them as the customary tricks of elections, but Reilly was a young man who must have known the moral turpitude of his act and the danger of such acts to his country's welfare. He may have been the tool of others who have placed themselves beyond the reach of Canadian criminal law, but public opinion will support the justice of the sentence. Such sentences, accompanied by such sane words as were spoken by Judge MacMahon on this occasion, are lessons that will do more for electoral purity than a thousand resolutions of both political parties passed by every party convention assembled in a century. Such a sentence is more than the legal enforcement of public opinion. It also directs it.

CONSIDERABLE hubbub is being kicked up anent the erection of a planing-mill in Yonge street opposite Crescent road, one of the most desirable residential streets in Rosedale. The residents of that pleasantly situated neighborhood evidently object strongly to the location of a saw-mill in their immediate vicinity. Many of the residents of Toronto, a very large percentage in fact, are natives of the country towns of Ontario, where the voice of the saw-mill helped to make the days of childhood one long-drawn-out song. But the residents of Crescent road have outgrown, apparently, the music of their youth, and they have Massey Hall to fill their yawning musical desires in their more mature manhood. One would have thought that the tired Toronto business man would have welcomed, after retiring homewards at five o'clock in the afternoon, the song of boyhood's happy hours, the musical whizz of the buzz-saw as he sipped his post-prandial tea and consumed the enticing angel cake and reflectively masticated the macaroons. But, no; he doesn't want to monkey even sentimentally with the buzz-saw, and a deputation of him waited on the Mayor this week, and the Mayor spoke out and said a lot of things that brought the question out of the region of Crescent road and afternoon teas. He said that through the rebuffs and discouragement handed out by Toronto towards manufacturing concerns, through impediments in the way of vexatious municipal legislation as to location, etc., the city was obtaining a reputation for not being as desirable a location for manufacturing industries as a city of the importance of Toronto would appear to be. The Mayor, as he occasionally does, struck straight out from the shoulder



THE NEW CLERK.

Old Man Ontario—Now, James, you have every chance and should do well, but don't get the idea that you own the shop, for you don't see!

Dominion Government's Separate school policy, it is altogether unreasonable and insulting. Quebec demanded that the new provinces should be forced to maintain Separate schools forever. Ontario merely demanded that the new provinces should be permitted to continue or discontinue Separate schools, according to their own ideas or convenience. Does this leave Ontario open to a charge of intolerance? Ontario did not make any demand that the Autonomy Bill should contain a clause prohibiting the new provinces from maintaining Separate schools—and yet this province would have been quite justified in making such a demand, and would have been no more "intolerant" than Quebec. In fact, neither Ontario nor Quebec can be accused of intolerance in regard to Separate schools. Quebec is merely aggressively grasping, while Ontario is vigorously but ineffectively protesting against the readiness with which Quebec's aggression is supported by a Government which obtained power under false pretences.

THE *Star* says: "Many people are worrying about the 'Constitution' just now who wouldn't know how to sign a receipt for a registered letter without consulting a lawyer." Yet, is it not these people that the *Star* urges to "remember to register," and not to forget to vote? These persons who "wouldn't know how to sign a receipt for a registered letter" are mighty valuable when they agree with us, but when they attempt to defeat our purpose—knife 'em!

A ST. THOMAS merchant is being tried on the charge of obtaining goods under false pretences from a number of Toronto wholesale houses. In his examination he sets out that his failure in business was owing to a large extent to the failure of the Atlas Loan Company of St. Thomas. The alleged wrongdoing of which he is accused, and for which he is standing his trial, is said to be the result of his financial desperation after the losses sustained through the failure of this private bank or loan company. If it is true that the good that men do lives after them, so live also the results of a speculative private bank long after it is "bust." Innocent or guilty of any wrongdoing, this merchant may be, but there is no doubt that one of the causes of his presence in court to answer to a criminal charge is owing to the opportunity afforded by a gambling institution in the guise of a banking house in a country town to "buck the tiger." Is there, after all, such a wonderful distinction between the "crozier" of a roulette wheel and the teller of a speculative private bank?

A FRENCH scientist is reported to have discovered a force in nature which, he claims, is infinitely greater than even steam or electricity. It is the force employed by the ancients—more particularly the Egyptians—in erecting their wonderful architectural structures. For centuries the secret has been lost, but now this Frenchman says

neglecting their work, dropping their disputes, forgetting or embracing their enemies, praying in the streets, and rushing at very passer-by to point out to him the error of his ways. This may be religion, but it looks to me like a form of faith likely to exhaust itself by its fire before it gets well into the blood. Revivals used to be much more popular than they are at present—and the world doesn't seem much worse to-day than it used to be. True, our politicians have not improved, but revivals never did take hold of them anyway. If a man can't be made religious or moral by means of appeals to his reason or conscience, it is safe to assume that he will not be permanently improved by upsetting what little brains the Lord gave him, by turning him into an hysterical screech-owl. I remember being present one time at a camp-meeting of a wildly religious sect which believed that no one could really be regarded as saved until he began to "rend his garments" and distort his features and person. In the midst of the service, when the preacher was doing his best to get his audience going at their regular stunts, one young man sprang suddenly to his feet and started as nimbly as a cat to climb a young maple which grew straight into the air for thirty feet, without a limb. As the climber went rapidly up he kept shouting to the hysterical crowd below that he was on his way to Heaven. Presently he began to tire. He went slower and slower as he neared the first branches. He made a final desperate effort to grab something horizontal, slipped down a foot, but, warned by the exhorter below to keep up his faith and to refuse to be a backslider, he crawled on again. The audience below was wild. People were tumbling over themselves and shouting approval with the enthusiasm of a band of lunatics. And then the young man's faith increased with a rush—or his strength gave out. He uttered one last shout that he was going to fly to Heaven, and let go. He wrecked a fairly good pair of trousers, broke an arm, and cracked three ribs—and he was twenty-five feet further away from Heaven when they picked him up than he was when his faith persuaded him to loosen his hold. The experience of that young man cured the crowd and put an end to the camp-meetings of that sect. No other meeting of the kind has been held in that district since. The accident seemed to demonstrate in the most effective way the danger of a too effervescent form of faith. The fact that a little accident like this should have been sufficient to stamp out the whole sect in that part of the country was sufficient evidence of the silliness and insincerity of the movement. The man who worked upon the emotions of these simple-minded persons very likely did them much more harm than good, for indirectly he led them to see that they had made fools of themselves, and the result was that they were inclined to regard even sane religious profession with some suspicion. It is doubtful whether the man now working the coal-miners of Cape Breton into a state of frenzy is to be regarded as a real friend of these people. The chances are that his efforts will produce no more permanent good than

and virtually assured the deputation that no interference would be made by the city as to the proposed plating-mill in Yonge street, which was an undoubted business street, the main business street of Toronto since its beginning. The whole question is, after all, the old one of the common weal on one side and the local well-being of a few on the other, the utilitarian argument on one side and the aesthetic on the other. It is safe to say that in this age the utilitarian will win if the aesthetic advantage is merely local. But in a widely spread city like Toronto, with few, if any, topographical difficulties to contend with, there should be a force of public opinion that would back up civic legislation sufficient to at least prevent the essentially residential parts of the city being disfigured or subjected to continuous nerve-racking noises from morning until night, when there is every facility for the placing of these establishments in neighborhoods which have been considered specially adapted and indefinitely set apart for manufacturing purposes. And there is. But such legislation cannot be too sweeping in its nature. The manufacturer has his right to make a living as he, within certain limitations, best thinks fit, if he does not encroach on the rights of others or come within the law respecting nuisances. The law of the land provides for such cases. In going beyond the common law and passing too stringent by-laws respecting residential districts, there is, no doubt, some danger of what Mayor Urquhart urges, that Toronto may take an attitude approaching discouragement of manufacturing enterprise in the city. This idea would be more harmful than the voice of the saw-mill in a dozen happy homes. The question is not one that can be settled by any broad rule that will operate justly in all cases. Such a case as that of the proposed establishment in Yonge street in Rosedale ought to be judged on its own merits, or demerits, and its effect on the city's progress towards industrial success and seemly environment, and all that both mean.

New Brunswick and Quebec at the Graphic Arts Club.

WHEN, looking over our own fence, we recognize the existence of the next farm or the next village, and from that feel our interest expand to reach to a neighboring province, and perhaps still not ranging beyond the confines of our own land, we are at least beginning to come somewhat under the influence of the force that makes for cosmopolitanism, and via that—according to the traditions—for culture. It is a force, most directly generated by personal contact with what lies beyond our own sphere; but as personal acquaintance with even the area represented by our own land is rather beyond the reach of most of us, and as most of us are somewhat interested in what is over our fence, we are glad to fall in with those who can bring us an intelligent message from without. A message from New Brunswick by Mr. C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A., sometime president of the O.S.A., and one from Quebec by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, O.S.A., president of the Graphic Arts Club, are very happily combined in their present exhibition of pictures in the rooms of the Graphic Arts at 37 Melinda street.

Mr. Manly's collection is the result of several summers of sojourn in the eastern province. In a series of somewhat over a score of pictures, all water-colors of landscape and marine subjects, he very happily portrays the character of the country in the summer and early autumn garb in which he found it. There are half a dozen of the summer pastorals with sheep or cattle, in the treatment of which this artist is already known to be so fortunate, but the note that makes his present exhibit of special importance and interest is the revelation it affords of Mr. Manly in an entirely new field—as an interpreter of the sea in its ever-changing aspects and of the attendant moisture that makes the problem of the treatment of atmospheric conditions quite a different matter from that which usually presents itself in connection with the Ontario landscape. These problems have been met candidly and solved, always with a considerable measure of success, and in some instances with the kind of success that borders on triumph. There are low tides and high tides, bluffs towering through the mist, long stretches of lonely shore and crags assailed by storm, and, whether or not they convince on every score, they are, at least, one and all, characterized by water that is wet and moving, mist that is vaporous, not dusty, and skies that are luminous.

Mr. Jefferys shows a few water-colors, the "St. Denis" over the mantelpiece in the front room, an exceedingly fine

one, all alive with rustling leafage, sparkling water and dancing sunshine. Alongside these are two of the three oils he shows, both renderings of grey effects, and the one entitled "A Grey Day" at least worthy a setting more in keeping with its own reserve than the somewhat chic, watered-silk-ribbon effect to which it is at present condemned. The third oil is a rich and strong effect, showing the Plains of Abraham arrayed in purple against the golden glory of a stormy sunset. Another water-color, No. 4, of the St. Lawrence at Sorel, is especially noticeable for the clear definition of the distant shore as seen through a certain quality of rarefied atmosphere, the forcible rendering of which in this instance will appeal strongly to such as know their St. Lawrence and can appreciate the exhilarating force of the high charge of ozone that such a quality represents.

But it is the comparatively large collection of black-and-white drawings that gives to this exhibit the peculiar charm that it certainly has. The greater number of these are in pen-and-ink, and in the handling of this medium Mr. Jefferys is exceptionally happy. A remark overheard, to the effect that "Jefferys has a fine feeling for the significant," seems to suggest the source of a large measure of his success in this direction, for in all black-and-white work, and especially in pen-and-ink, where the limitations of the medium necessitate a very free interpretation of the subject, a feeling for what is significant will, more than any other one quality, tell with convincing force in the final result. The most important of the pen-and-ink drawings occupies the middle of one of the walls in the first room, and in conception and execution lives well up to its position and its size. It is largely a figure subject, showing about an acre of habitants enjoying a Sunday morning gossip after mass, and is treated with a painstaking care born either of intense interest or a very live conscience. Face, figure, dress, pose, movement, everything that can contribute to the character of the individual, is closely studied and the feeling of the crowd as a whole is not sacrificed. The church, with its pair of quaint two-storied spires, looms large in the background, and the whole effect is worked out in the delicate grey tone of a strong but diffused light that gives a dreamy benignity to the scene, eminently suggestive of both the habitants and his Sunday morning. The smaller things are equally expressive of the character of the country and the people, and equally felicitous and forceful in treatment.

Some of the names in the catalogue are familiar as associated with the eastern section of the Rebellion of '37, giving the collection some slight historical and geographical as well as artistic interest, and the combination of New Brunswick and Quebec in the title is, in every respect, refreshing in a high degree.

"Done Away With."

SCENE—A gloomy, but imposing-looking building, high and wide, and capable of holding many hundreds. An air of solemnity envelopes it, and from a grimly-appointed room in the east wing there steals constantly a soft, sickening odor. A line of hearers wend their way from the side door and involuntarily the passer-by shudders as his eyes note the words over the main entrance:

"THE W. O. RETREAT."

"VICTIMS MADE AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE DURING THEIR SECLUSION OF THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS. AT THE EXPIRATION OF THAT TIME THEY ARE ALLOWED THE PRIVILEGE OF APPOINTING THE HOUR OF THEIR FINAL DEPARTURE FOR THE UNKNOWN. THE END GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PEACEFUL."

"Strange! Strange!" muttered an erect, stalwart-looking inmate, as he strode up and down, up and down his cozy little sitting-room. Each time he passed the window he paused, half reluctantly, to glance again at the procession wending its way from the gate. "Strange how one's ideas change! There are many ways of looking at things, and sometimes a hasty speech brings a host of worries." Suddenly he whirled and measured himself in the long mirror over the fireplace. His eyes flashed, and he squared his broad shoulders defiantly.

"Damn it! Meredith," he said hotly, to the other occupant of the room, "I feel as young and vigorous as I did at thirty. I have accomplished much in the past fifty-nine years, and I feel capable of accomplishing as much more. And yet in my nostrils I already feel that infernal chloroform. To-morrow it will forever numb a brain as active as it was in its prime. Well, if not as active, still—active, still able to give to the world much that possibly no other man will ever be able to give. I have the fruits of years and years of labor and research here. Meredith, there was something diabolically out of gear with my mental equipment when I made my famous speech at Baltimore. I did not foresee that the nation would take it up, forge my words into a law, and in time entangle me in my own net. Good heavens, men! You sit there like an imbecile. Do you realize that we have just twenty-four hours more in which to enjoy the breath of life?"

"Easy, Oster, easy. You are too vigorous. You talk like a man in the heyday of life. As a matter of fact, you are useless. You are an encumbrance on the earth. You are past doing anything worth doing. You look forty, and your brain may still be working like a steam engine, but, my dear fellow, you are useless. You, yourself, pronounced your own doom. You and your friend, Trollope, fixed your fate. The world wants none of you. The seed you planted fell in rich soil, and flourished, and blossomed into this and many other Homes like it. The people want only men of twenty and thirty, men with new, crisp ideas. Their theories and opinions may be unfinished, immature, unseasoned by such experience and research as we could give them, but still, my dear fellow, we are useless. For the past nineteen years we have been 'comparatively useless.' Don't interrupt me. Don't attempt to argue. I know exactly what we did last year, and the year before, and the year before that. I know what thousands of others are doing right up to the moment they enter here. Still, facts are facts. We are useless. You have said so. We should be grateful that the city erects such a building as this where we may retire for a little while before we are 'put out.' Resign yourself. To-morrow, my dear boy, we go the long way. Take comfort from the remembrance that you yourself provided a peaceful method of doing away with us."

"Doing away with us! A peaceful method! With my body strong and healthy, my faculties all mine. Is it possible? To-morrow? Meredith, you are mad!"

Again he paused at the window. Again as hurriedly turned away. Another procession was leaving the gate. Again the flag on the tower was floating at half-mast. Once more the odor that disturbed his peace of mind crept stealthily in.

"Meredith," he said, leaning suddenly close to the other man, and lowering his voice to an almost inaudible whisper, "Meredith, what hour have you chosen for to-morrow? I think you first decided on sunrise, but later you changed your mind. You thought noon-day more appropriate. Is it still noon? I—I may as well take the same hour. It would be more sociable to go together, Meredith. It may be a long, long journey, for all we know, and it would be so lonely if we travelled together. Did you register for noon?"

"Well—no, no, not yet. I have been thinking about it, Oster, and the sunset hour, I have concluded, would be best. I still have a few little arrangements to make, and there seems to be something very suitable about the hour of sundown. Yes, sundown will do. Say sundown."

The other hesitated, as though unsatisfied. "Meredith," he said slowly, "how about midnight? That is past sunrise and later still than noon. I should not care to go at sunset. It is a solemn journey to start on, and the crimson flood of sunset would make our surroundings incongruous. The quiet of midnight appeals to me. The earth will be hushed and subdued, and the darkness will enfold us in its solemn mantle. There will be no moon. Shall we say midnight, Meredith?"

"As you will," agreed Meredith, with suspicious haste. "To tell the truth, Oster, I have never been in sympathy with this idea of yours. I have long wanted to relieve my mind on the subject. Frequently in the past year of retirement I have rebelled bitterly against your extraordinary theory. The world has manifold attractions for me, and in spite of the fact that I am—according to you—useless and an encumbrance, I should like to be allowed to live if there had been no objection. However, I, at least, have the satisfaction of being able to go with the father of the fat. We will go out—together—at midnight."

"Yes," murmured Oster, "we will go out at midnight—together."

And at midnight, while nurses and doctors, brisk and busi-

nesslike from much practice, deftly arranged sheets and chloroform, and various other things necessary for such an operation as the "Oster-Trollope," while the flag was being quietly half-masted over the east wing, and two hearses waited in the shadow of the side door—two men went noiselessly out.

"Backsliders we are, Meredith," one said with a long breath of relief, as he heard the door close behind him, "fugitives we may be, and assuredly our course will weaken the weight of our theory may carry in the years to come, but life is sweet, old chap, at all ages. And, after all, it is just possible we may accomplish a few great things yet!" M. W.

At the Theaters Next Week.

Our playgoers are to have another opportunity, beginning Monday night at the Princess Theater, of seeing that admirable comedian, Charles Hawtree, in his comedy-drama, *A Message From Mars*. The remarkable success achieved here by play and player two years ago, will be fresh in the general recollection. Mr. Hawtree brings his London company, numerical and electrical illusions. The story is said to have been suggested by Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. The main theme is the regeneration of a very selfish Englishman through one of the most realistic and harrowing dreams that mortal man was ever called upon to endure. In this dream he is obliged to wander about under the enforced pilotage of "a messenger from Mars," who is a Martian citizen banished to live on earth, for a crime, until he is able to regenerate the most selfish individual on our planet. In the dream the Englishman is made to see things which he not only never saw before, but other things which he had seen in such a different light that it finally, after much physical and mental anguish, leads to his complete contrition. The engagement is for the week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

John T. Kelly, the famous Irish comedian, will make his first vaudeville appearance in Toronto at Shea's Theater on Monday. Mr. Kelly has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the leading Irish comedians of America. He will present a one-act comedy entitled *Senator McFee*. Another big headliner is Della Fox. Miss Fox is again in good voice, and is as dainty and attractive as she was when in the height of her operatic success. A few months ago there arrived in New York a handsome young woman who said she could do a musical act. Within twenty-four hours people were coming to the box-office asking when the woman who played the xylophone would appear. This woman is Celina Bohe, who will be one of the special features at Shea's next week. Another novelty is Chassino, the shadowgraphist, who uses his feet instead of his hands in throwing various objects upon a screen. His work is said to be marvelous. Martini and Maximilian, two clever tricksters, and several other good acts will complete a strong bill.

B. C. Whitney brings his production of *The Show Girl* or *The Magic Cap*, a musical comedy in two acts to the Grand next week. It has taken this attraction a long time to get away from the Eastern cities, in the larger of which it has had successful engagements. The production is a glittering spectacle as to scenic embellishments and magnificent costumes, and money has been expended with a lavish hand. Mr. Whitney has long borne the reputation of furnishing to the playgoers of America, chorists, many of which have now risen into prominence on account of their beauty and talent, and in this attraction, *The Show Girl*, a large and youthful chorus of beauties is promised. One of the big hits in this successful musical comedy is that of an impersonation of a cat called *Thomas*, given by Charles E. Parcor, who bears the reputation of being the greatest living animal impersonator in this country. Another feature is the Apollo Quartette, who sing popular airs harmoniously.

Recognized.

Miss Doolittle was giving an elaborate description of a blacksmith, preparatory to teaching her first-grade pupils the poem of Longfellow's.

"Now, children, we are going to learn a poem to-day about some one who works very hard. He is very large, and has great arms that can lift such heavy things! His face is blackened with soot that comes from his fire. And he wears a dirty black apron, and he has a fire that glows red, and whenever he makes anything he puts it into this fire, then pounds it with a great hammer, which makes a clanging noise and makes the sparks fly all about. Now who can tell me what I have been describing?"

A little maid, who had listened to these vivid details with eyes twice their natural size, sprang to her feet, and said, in an awed whisper: "The devil."

Reassuring.

A number of prominent actors were telling stories one evening at the Players' Club to illustrate how, in time of threatened panic in the theater, a little presence of mind may save life.

Mr. Goodwin, the comedian, was reminded of one he had heard in England. It appears that during a pantomime performance at a Liverpool play-house, an alarm of fire had been given and a terrible panic seemed imminent. But Arthur Roberts, a well-known British actor, came to the rescue in handsome style. Advancing rapidly to the footlights, he addressed the audience as follows:

"Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, there is no danger; if there were, do you think I would be here?"

Another Concert Hall.

The Hope Morgan-Tripp-Pigott Recital Marks the Opening of the Gerha d Heintzman Hall.

The Hope Morgan-Tripp-Pigott recital on Tuesday evening in the concert hall of the Gerha d Heintzman warerooms, 97 Yonge street, and formally marking the opening of that hall, was an event of such conspicuous interest and success that all concerned are entitled to congratulations. The performing principals were most happily chosen, while the accessories were of a truly exceptional character. Those accessories included tasteful decorations, a handsome auditorium specially designed with reference to acoustic effects and comfort, and—perhaps of most importance—a Gerha d Heintzman concert grand piano of notable worth, an instrument of infinite musical resource to the solo pianist, and lending itself with perfect accord and sympathy to the vocal artists.

Incidentally, it may be said that the Gerha d Heintzman warerooms are so admirably equipped and so centrally situated as to naturally attract people in general, and for these and other reasons they promise to become a special rendezvous for professional musicians and advanced students. They provide facilities which have only to be seen to command appreciation, while the great popularity of the Gerha d Heintzman Company and their pianos is a practical assurance that appreciation of the new warerooms, the reception and consultation parlors, and the several teaching studios, will immediately show itself in overflowing measure.

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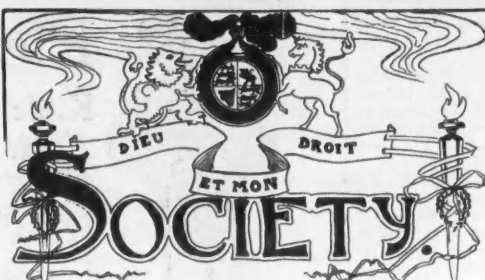
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THE greatest Opening that has been took place on Wednesday afternoon, when the world and his wife arrived at the Parliament Buildings, beginning to arrive soon after the midday luncheon and continuing to arrive long after every chance was past of seeing anything of the ceremony, the brilliant scene in the House, or the people who for the first time in over three decades sat and stood upon the right of the throne. And it was really a beautiful and impressive sight, when the boom of cannon (Hamilton's cannon—ours are getting modernized down at Ottawa) announced the arrival of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor. The tiers on tiers of members' seats were largely given over to the fair sex, wives, daughters, friends of the makers of our laws; the members stood in solid phalanx on either side of the vacant throne; the "circle" blossomed like a rose. On the right hand sat Mrs. Mortimer Clark in a lovely heliotrope satin gown with white lace and diamonds, and the Misses Mortimer Clark in white gowns, Miss Clark with a white tip curling over her smart coiffure and Miss Elise with a little coronet of white flowers. Mrs. Whitney, in smoke grey silk and chiffon, sat next; Mrs. Pyne, in an exquisite canary *crêpe de soie* with white embroideries; Miss Marie Foy in a black evening gown; Mrs. Monteith in a high black dress touched with white and gold; Mrs. Reaume in a lovely white gauze gown, with delicate touches of pink; Mrs. Hanna in white, her pretty greyish hair *à la Pompadour*; Mrs. Adam Beck in turquoise, with her name flowers, valley lilies, massed on the corsage, and a fine emerald stole falling about her beautiful shoulders, so fair a creature that all eyes smiled at her; Mrs. J. Hendrie in a rich light satin, all the gowns in the row delicately tinted and suggesting the blossoms of spring. Dr. and Mrs. Langtry sat at the turn of the circle; and across on what is now "Opposition" side the first lady was that ardent Conservative, Mrs. Leavitt, in a handsome reseda satin robe *en princesse*, with her fair hair dressed *à la Florizel*; Mrs. MacMahon, in a handsome black gown with lace, embroidery and a dog-collar of pearls and other jewels; Mrs. J. I. Davidson in black; Mrs. Whitney, sister-in-law of the Premier, in a very distinctive dress of satin and exquisitely worked and arranged lace; Mrs. Charlie Ritchie in a handsome white gown done with silk lace; Mrs. Stratton in a white gown, very dainty and elegant; Mrs. Sweatman in black, were some of the ladies on the left of the throne. A perfect garden of satin and lace and chiffon-clad *mondaines* were grouped in the judges' chairs, where Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, in white satin, Miss Sovereign also in white, Mrs. Scott Griffin in white lace, and Miss Mackenzie of Benvenuto in white satin and lace touched with silver. Miss Bessie Macdonald in pink satin with pink chiffon, Miss Evelyn Cox in black chiffon, Mrs. James George in cream lace, Mrs. Emsley in black satin touched with white, Mrs. Power Boyd in black net and lace, Mrs. Burritt in a dashing pale pink gown, Mrs. Alec Davidson in rose and black figured satin foulard, Mrs. Rolland Hills in pale blue, were some of the smart people noticed. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, the lady in a handsome black gown, were seated in the first row, where were also, Mrs. Ramsay Wright in a jetted gown, Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson in a white embroidered voile gown, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Loudon in pale grey with falls of white lace; while behind were many other smart women in very beautiful gowns. Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt wore pale blue chiffon velvet, a *Ségah* gown, perhaps the handsomest there; Miss Hendrie of Holmstead was in a dainty white gown touched with pink, and a twisted coil of white ribbon in her hair; Mrs. Will Hendrie wore white silk with touches of black; Mrs. Hay wore black, and Miss Phyllis Hendrie pink satin—very meagre description of very smart and becoming gowns. Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander wore a rich black gown with a corsage bouquet of shaded flame-colored flowers; Mrs. Hugh Macdonald was quietly gowned in black with soft touches of white tulle at the neck; Mrs. Fred Crompton wore an exquisite Paris gown, all frills and lace; Lady Thompson was in a black evening gown; Mrs. Sylvester wore black pannelled lace over ruby silk; Mrs. P. E. Doolittle was in a graceful *paillette* gown; Mrs. Darling wore yellow covered with black lace; Mrs. Moss wore a rich black gown with hertha of white lace; Mrs. Fox wore white lace over pink; Miss Whitney was in a beautiful white gown and is a charmingly pretty girl; Mrs. St. John wore lettuce green silk; Mrs. Archie Campbell white brocade, and Mrs. Deeks (*née Campbell*) a very pretty white gown; Mrs. Gilmore wore black, with full sleeves, and falling frills; Mrs. Pridoux was daintily gowned in dull pink satin; Mrs. Acton Burrows wore black relieved with some handsome white lace; Mrs. Gouinlock wore a charming white gown, and Mrs. Douglas Macdougall was in palest yellow; Mrs. Egerton Ryerson was becomingly gowned in black; Mrs. Marsh wore a handsome white gown; Mrs. Blewett wore black chiffon and silk; Mrs. Cattermole wore a handsome robe of cream lace; Miss Enid Wormum wore a pretty dress of pale green satin; Miss Elsie Willmore was in black *grenadine de soie* over taffeta. In every corner humanity seemed wedged and piled up; charming girl faces, warm and rosy, men trying to see and hear, while without the room were hundreds kept back with determined and forceful warnings from the sweltering policemen, who certainly have no easy job on such occasions. When His Honor entered and proceeded up the main aisle, the mass of parti-colored humanity rose and remained standing until His Honor was seated. The military men accompanying the Lieutenant-Governor included his new secretary, Major Macdonald, and Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C., Colonel Otter, D.O.C., Lieutenant-Colonel Septimus Denison, the colonels of the city regiments, Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Nattress, Lieutenant-Colonel Graveley, Lieutenant-Colonel Galloway, Captain Brooke in charge of the Grenadiers' guard of honor, Mr. Douglas Young in charge of the escort of R.C. Dragoons, and several others. When these had ranged themselves within the magic circle and the Lieutenant-Governor had taken his seat, the scene was of the greatest brilliancy and beauty. After the Speaker's election, and the reading of the speech from the throne, there was an adjournment of several hundred guests to the Speaker's chambers, where a reception by Mrs. St. John and a very well done tea were in order. Mrs. St. John received in the north drawing-room, which was decorated handsomely with palms and flowers, and a long table was spread in the banquet-room and decorated with pink roses, a smaller one in the east window relieving some of the pressure, which at times blocked the way of any gallant service by the cavaliers and kept the ladies "perishing for a cup of tea," this reception being, like every other place on Wednesday, overwhelmingly crowded. The new Speaker is a big-hearted, stalwart and delightful Irishman, and I note that Ireland seems to be on top in the Cabinet. Mr. St. John pronounces his name as it is spelled, which bothers those accustomed to "Sinjen" of Ottawa. People seemed to enjoy the Speaker's hospitality and it was well on to six o'clock before the hosts were free to snatch a little rest before the State dinner at Government House at eight o'clock.

The guests invited to the State dinner were: Hon. J. P. Whitney, Hon. J. J. Foy, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Hon. A. J. Matheson, Hon. R. A. Pyne, Hon. Nelson Monteith, Hon. J. O. Reaume, Hon. A. W. Willoughby, Hon. Adam Beck, Hon. J. S. Hendrie, Hon. J. W. St. John, Mr. W. H. Hoyle, M.P.P., Mr. Joseph Downey, M.P.P., Mr. A. G. Macdonald, M.P.P., Mr. G. P. Graham, M.P.P., Mr. A. G. Macdonald, M.P.P., Mr. J. A. Auld, M.P.P., Mr. T. H. Preston, M.P.P., Mr. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., Mr. Henry Carscallen, M.P.P., Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, Clerk of the Assembly; Mr. J. Lonsdale Capreol, Clerk of the Executive Council; the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mayor Urquhart, Rev. Principal Burwash, D.D., Victoria University; Rev. Provost Macklem, D.D., Trinity University; Rev. W. MacLaren, D.D., principal Knox College; Professor Hutton, principal University College; Judge Winchester, Mr. R. E. Kingsford, Dr. Richardson, Lieutenant-Colonel Grasset, Mr. J. D. Allan, Mr. W. K. George, Mr. J. W. Flavelle, Mr. W. D. Ross, Mr. W. T. Jennings, C.E., Mr. C. H. Ritchie, K.C., Mr. Walter Gillespie, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, Dr. E. Fisher, Mr. J. S. Willson, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Major Tidwell of Hamilton, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Bruce, Lieutenant-Colonel Clarence Denison, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Delamere, Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Hamilton, Lieutenant-Colonel James Mason, Lieutenant-Colonel Milligan, Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Shaw, Mr. J. N. Gunsaulus, United States Consul; Mr. A. Hertzberg, Consul for Sweden and Norway; Mr. G. N. Morang, Consul for Guatemala; Mr. George Musson, Consul for Netherlands; M. Rochereau de la Sablière, Consul for Belgium; Mr. J. E. Thompson, Consul for Spain; Mr. F. Yeigh, Consul for Paraguay; Captain Brooke, Lieutenant Young.

Convocation Hall at Trinity was crammed with people in spite of a most disagreeable day, last Saturday. Professor Fraser's interesting lecture on Raphael (one of the Florence series) was in progress. Many fine lantern slides of famous painters and their pictures were the accompaniment of the clever lecture. After the affair was over, Miss Strachan entertained a few friends at tea in Professor Jones' rooms. This afternoon Professor Andras of Trinity lectures on Benvenuto Cellini.

Mrs. Blaikie gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon at which many of those attending the Opening afterwards "rendered themselves," as the French say.

Mrs. Jack Murray will receive with her niece, the bride, Mrs. Gouinlock, at 25 Forest road, next Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. George Macdonald has the sincere sympathy of her friends in the sudden bereavement from which she is suffering, the loss of her eldest son, Oscar, who died of pneumonia in Lancaster, Penn., and whose remains were interred here this week. Mr. Oscar Oliver was a clever and original young man. The news of his death was telegraphed to Mrs. Macdonald on Sunday night, reaching her at a friend's house where she was supping, and as she did not even know her son had been ill, the shock was terrible to her. His illness was short and appallingly fatal.

Dr. Hiram Corson lectures in the Conservatory of Music from April 1 to 15, giving eleven interpretative readings from the masters of English literature. Saturday, April 1, the reading will be in Conservatory Hall at eleven o'clock.

The *Vedanta* will begin publication next month from the Vedanta Society in New York. Swami Abhedananda's Sunday lectures will be published in this magazine, and those who heard the Swami in January here will be glad to secure them.

The many friends of the late Miss Margaret West Kilpatrick will regret to hear of her sudden death on March 17 as the result of a serious operation. Miss Kilpatrick was of a rarely bright and cultured mind, which made her a welcome guest in many household circles. Her extensive travels both on this continent and in Europe, combined with a quick wit and sense of humor, made her an entertainer seldom equaled. For some time she engaged in literary work, which exhibited exceptional talent, and she numbered among her friends many of the prominent writers of the day. She was a member of a well-known New Orleans family, but had resided here for a number of years, having derived great benefit from our northern climate. The funeral services were held last Saturday afternoon, the remains being taken to New Orleans for interment. The esteem in which she was held was evidenced by the quantities of flowers sent by sorrowing friends.

Mrs. A. G. Lackner, Mrs. Alex Millar and Mrs. C. E. Hoffman of Berlin were among the visitors in town for the Opening of Parliament.

Among the visitors to Government House on Thursday afternoon was Mrs. Erichsen Brown of Galt, who is spending the week in town.

Mrs. R. S. Smellie of 34 Avenue road will not receive again this season, as the house will be closed for repairs during April, and the family move, as usual, to the Island on May 1.

Mr. Wilfred Shore of New York has returned home after a short visit with his mother in St. George street.

The visit to Toronto of the Misses Ada and Jessie McLeod, with letters of introduction to some of the right people, has been an opportunity for the mutual pleasure of the visitors and their new friends. These clever women are daughters of General McLeod and have lived for some time in London, since leaving their native Skye. Everyone is charmed with them, and teas are being given for them in all directions. One day a very pleasant little tea was arranged at the Ladies' Club, and another was on for Tuesday at Mrs. Tyrrell's in Sherbourne street. The Misses McLeod are enjoying a most hearty welcome in Toronto, and such festivities as Lent allows.

Many dinners, luncheons, and card parties of intimate friends always brighten the Lenten season, for it is had enough to accept the nature discipline of grey skies and east winds without denying oneself also the cheering converse of one's best cronies. But inasmuch as society is supposed to be as dull as the weather, there is a tacit understanding that dinners are not "dinners" in the sense of being entertainments; neither are luncheons, teas, and matinee card parties to be chronicled, so that, although one sees, as usual, the tucked-up pretty frocks in the trams, the poker puer or the bridge frown (a new expression), confessing the afternoon's amusement, one must be very discreet about locating the tea or the card party, lest some extra orthodox coterie set to work to pluck feathers from the daring "birdie" who has hidden her sister birdies to her home. In these raw March days one needs all one's plumes.

The usual fortnightly reception was held at Government House on Thursday, and in consequence of the political content of the day before, many of the newly installed paid their respects, and the new official secretary was on duty in all the stateliness of many inches and a fine military carriage. Major Macdonald and his charming young wife have always made friends, their excellent qualities of head and heart commanding the esteem of all who know them.

The opening of the Gerhard Heintzman Concert Hall took place on Tuesday evening, and the announcement that Miss Hope Morgan, Mr. Pigott and Mr. Tripp were to provide the programme served as a magnet of sufficient power to attract crowds of smart people in pretty gowns, and many music-lovers who never miss so good an offering. All the artists did beautifully, and the sound-carrying value of the new style of ceiling was amply proved. The hall was simply jammed, people crowding the corridor and showroom as well. The concert stage was backed by a handsome tapestry, and others were hung upon the wall. The audience was most enthusiastic and asks already for a repetition of the *soirée musicale*.

Mrs. and Miss Leverich are in Cairo, and will stop abroad until May. They are at the Savoy Hotel, and Miss Leverich writes me that they have enjoyed a very gay winter, but will be glad to see Toronto friends again.

Mrs. Peter Macdonald of 176 Roxborough street, Rosedale, will receive on Tuesday, the 28th, for the last time this season.

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Mrs. Allan Baggs of Springhurst avenue, Parkdale, had a charming gathering of friends in her pretty drawing-room on Friday afternoon in honor of St. Patrick, the guests being entertained in a delightfully informal way with some Irish songs, and later by a most novel entertainment entitled "An Irish Musical Romance." Large cards, on which were printed a number of questions, were distributed among the guests. The first, "What was the hero's name?"—the first line of *Rory O'More* being played on the piano. "What was the heroine's name?" A few soft strains of *Kate Kearny* answered. "Did she ever write to him once?" and a few bars of the charming little ballad by Lady Dufferin, *Kate's Letter*, responded. Refreshments were served at small tables in the large dining-room and conservatory adjoining, the two young daughters of the hostess, with a number of their college friends, doing the honors to the guests. The "dear little shamrock" was everywhere in evidence, while clusters of tall white tulips formed the table decorations. The cakes, ices, etc., were all decorated in green for St. Patrick, while the dainty prizes harmonized with the color scheme.

An exhibition of paintings is on at the Graphic Arts Club, from last Tuesday to April 4, the exhibit being the work of two prominent artists, Mr. C. W. Jeffreys, O.S.A., and Mr. C. M. Manly, O.S.A., A.R.C.A. Mr. Jeffreys exploits Canada of the East, and Mr. Manly also deals with our eastern country, New Brunswick being his choice of territory, while Mr. Jeffreys lingers round the *habitant* country and "Old Kebec."

Mrs. Hugh Fleming of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Gwyn Francis in Crescent road. Mrs. McInnes of Baltimore is visiting Mrs. Frank Fleming. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald are in Lakewood, N.J. Miss Mary Glasco of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Darling of Ravensmount. Miss McGivern is in town for a short visit. Mrs. Aylesworth did not go to Buffalo this week, as announced elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil H. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Livingstone, and Mrs. Thomas Dunnett of Toronto sail per s.s. *Baltic* from New York for England and France on March 29.

At a recent dinner given in honor of Dr. William Osler in New York on March 4, by the "Charaka," a small and select medical club, named after a noted ancient Hindu physician, Dr. Weir Mitchell read a beautiful original poem, written in honor of Dr. Osler, called *Books and the Man*. Dr. Walton wrote one in lighter vein, which shows the cordial esteem felt by Dr. Osler's *confidants* for that much-paragraphed man. Corner, a Baltimore artist, has just finished a portrait of Dr. Osler for the medical society there; Chase, the Philadelphia artist, is to paint a portrait for the University of Pennsylvania, and Sargent is to paint a quartette of savants, Osler, Welch, Halsted, and Kelly, for the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Dr. Walton's poem to Dr. Osler runs in the metre and to the tune of Tommy Atkins, as follows:

(Tune, Tommy Atkins.)
'Twas in Canada that Willie made his bow,
Then U. S. A. was added to his bow;
We put a little laurel on his brow,
And he landed in this country with both feet.
It didn't matter what he was before,
Or what McGill had fancied for his name,
We assumed that he was willing
To accept a little grilling.
And we call him Willie Osler just the same.

Chorus.
O Willie, Willie Osler, you're a good 'un, heart and hand;
You're a credit to your calling, not to say your native land;
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever true,
God bless you, Willie Osler, here's the Charaka's love to you.

In time of peace most famous of them all,
He practices upon the high and low—
And if microscope and test tube ever pall,
There is Aretaeus and Fracastoro.
It's open house he keeps in Franklin street—
You can lunch with him at any time you say—
Then back he goes to duty
Like the ancient Therapeutic.
And we hope he gets his thirteen pence a day.—*Cho.*

In strenuous times it's Willie at the front,
And it's absolutely sure he will be there.
We sit at home while Willie does the stunt
Which we read about upon our easy-chair.
And whether he's in Paris or in Rome,
Or a talking to the docs in Mattapan,
The standard he is raising
While admiring crowds are gazing.
Every inch of him philosopher and man.—*Cho.*

So, Willie dear, we'll back you 'gainst the world,
For pedagogy, frolic, or for work,
Where'er the flag of Science is unfurled.
You will do your best and never, never shrink.
We keep the warmest corner of our hearts
For you, old boy, wherever you may be,
Another flag will be above you,
But we're proud of you and love you,
God keep you, Willie, still by land and sea.—*Cho.*

Charaka Club, March 4, 1905.

Mrs. E. Fisher, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Miss Jennings, Mrs. William Britton, Mrs. W. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cook, Mrs. F. Macdonald, Mrs. Stainer, Mrs. Scott, Miss Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. C. Hamilton, Dr. C. R. Dickson, Miss L. MacKay, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Winstanley, Mr. and Mrs. Monck, Mrs. A. G. Lawrence, Miss Mitchell, of Toronto; Mrs. J. F. Meaney, Miss V. Fisher, Mrs. E. Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Warren, of Buffalo; Mrs. Worthington of Sherbrooke, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Doolittle of Painesville, Ohio; Miss C. M. Searff, Miss N. Searff, of Woodstock, Bishop and Mrs. Mills of Kingston, are recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker of Cecil street are removing shortly to upper St. George street, having sold their present residence to a widow lady from Oakville.

Mr. Ernest Cattnach returned this week from Belleville, where he has been for the past fortnight on business.

The marriage of Dr. Charles Treble, M.R.C.S., son of Mr. J. M. Treble, and Miss Violet Paterson, youngest daughter of the late Captain William Paterson, took place quietly in St. Thomas' Church on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Harold McCausland officiating. Mr. Robert McCausland, brother-in-law of the bride, brought her in and gave her away. She wore a fawn poplin *costume de voyage*, touched with pale blue, and trimmings of Irish lace, and was married in her hat, a very pretty one, suiting her gown. Mr. Darby presided at the organ, and some of the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Treble of Euclid Hall, Mrs. Walter Massey, Mr. Chester Massey, Mr. Arthur Treble, Mr. and Mrs. McCausland, Mrs. Robert McCausland, Mr. Peter Paterson, Major and Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Major and Mrs. Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. David Layton, Mrs. Colwell, Mr. Fred Colwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, Miss Walker, Miss Phelps.

Mr. James FitzGibbon and Miss FitzGibbon have taken apartments at the corner of Huron and Cecil streets. Mrs. French has taken a furnished house in Walmer road; her mother and little son are on their way out from England to

Toronto. Miss Josephine Brouse is on a visit in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin are down from Winnipeg.

The extraordinary harshness of heart of the door-keeper at the Opening on Wednesday, in refusing to admit Bishop, Chief Justice, Senator, and life-long pillar of the Conservative party, all at one fell swoop, when seats were reserved for them within, and in point of fact some of which remained empty during the entire ceremony, before the longing eyes of many weary folk, who hadn't even a strap to hold on by, should be inquired into before next time. I met a couple of smart women going home, shortly after half-past two, who had been refused admission, though their name and right to be able to recognize "who's who" and see that such contempts as the above cannot be repeated. The Bishop and his lady, the Chief Justice and his lady, and the others got in later on, thanks to an opportune arrival of official dignitaries who had to be admitted or the Opening couldn't have taken place. Otherwise, they would probably have also had to go away home again.

A programme of sacred music was rendered at the Woman's Musical Club on Thursday morning. The artists were Mrs. Laurence, Mrs. Dilworth, Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Tilley, vocal quartette; Miss Kirby, Mr. Arthur Ingham and Mr. James Quarrington, soloists. Mrs. Petersen arranged the very good programme.

A bright and jolly event was the second annual dinner of the Signal Corps of the Q.O.R., which took place on Tuesday evening at the King Edward Hotel. The smart young soldiers entertained some of their seniors and some capital speeches were made.

Chancellor Sir John Boyd is sufficiently recovered from his illness to go to Florida for a change of air this week.

Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, wife of the official secretary to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, was one of the graceful young matrons at the Opening on Wednesday, looking very well in a cream gown with fine lace.

Miss Violet Freeland, a popular girl indeed, who has been spending the winter with Mrs. Percy Beatty, is returning home to Camberley next month.

The Misses Ada and Jessie McLeod will give an entertainment in Conservatory Music Hall on next Thursday evening, at which their programme will contain a very varied selection of their famous numbers. At the Waldorf-Astoria recently their evening was a pronounced success. Those who have met these handsome girls recognize that they are sure to appeal to the refined and laughter-loving with their inimitable repertoire.

There is an excellent bill at Shea's this week—more Japs (acrobats, not soldiers, this time), and Harry Gilroy, the best "ancient beau" on the stage. His imitations of a cat dialogue, an emery wheel, all sorts of noises that arouse one from sleep, are simply killing, and his take-off of the would-be frisky octogenarian true to an eyelash.

There were bumper audiences at *San Toy* the first half of the week, and the gods encored Jimmie Powers until he brought out a hose to turn upon them. The house rang with hilarity. A great many smart people loosened up the Lenten tension a bit for a few evening hours.

Mrs. Clarence McCuaig of Montreal, who has been on a visit with Mrs. Frank Anglin, returned home early this week. During her stay she has been entertained pleasantly, and one day last week Mrs. Anglin had a few friends to meet her at tea.

Miss Hagarty and Mrs. and Miss Patti Warren returned from Paris last week. Miss Patti was taken very ill while abroad and Mrs. Warren went over to her.

Owing to the soft weather, the evening to have been given by the ladies of the Skating Club on St. Patrick's night was called off.

Many Toronto friends of gentle Miss Marjorie Mowat, a debutante of two or three seasons back, will send her best wishes on hearing the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Charles Pardee, manager of the Bank of Montreal at Edmonton. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat recently removed to the West, and there their pretty eldest daughter has found her future. I hear the marriage takes place next autumn.

The engagement of Dr. J. H. McConnell, only son of the late Dr. McConnell, and Miss Frances Charlotte Lister, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Lister, is announced, to be followed by their marriage next month.

Miss Alice Wallace of Port Hope is visiting Mrs. Chadwick at Lanmar.

The lecture given by Rev. Armstrong Black in St. Margaret's College Hall on the 17th was one of the many intellectual treats Dr. Black has given Toronto hearers. "The Ballad Element in English Literature" proved a rich subject, and the cultured audience followed the lecturer with great pleasure and gave him unstinted applause at the finale.

The marriage of Miss Elsie Helliwell, only daughter of Mrs. Elliott Helliwell, 74 St. George street, to Mr. Chillas of Montreal, will take place on April 22, very quietly, from the residence of Mr. Wallace Helliwell, brother of the bride-elect, Kendal avenue.

The Snoskatob Club, whose weird-looking name is taken from sections of the names of the three sports they enjoy (snowshoeing, skating and tobogganing), held an informal evening reunion at the R.C.Y. Club-house on Monday. The finale of their pleasant winter's fun together was participated in by a few other invited guests, and the young folks had a very jolly time. Dancing and light refreshments were indulged in and the members sang *Auld Lang Syne* as they bid good-bye to one another. The sporty little club has been a great pleasure to all connected with it.

The engagement is announced of Miss Minnie Jones and Mr. W. E. Wasson of Peterboro'. Mr. Wasson is the popular goal-keeper of the Peterboro' hockey team. The wedding will take place in Toronto on April 5.

Hon. Dr. Montague and Mrs. Montague are at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, for a month.

Miss Daisy George has accepted the position of contralto soloist at the Northern Congregationalist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Clancy of 404 Sumach street entertained a pleasant "stag" progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening last. The game was interesting and spirited and resulted in the first prize being awarded to Mr. John F. Taylor, the second prize to Mr. E. McCormack, and the "booby" fell to Mr. F. H. Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. James have left town for a visit to Dansville en route to the south.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hammond, with Mr. Davidson Harman, have gone to Atlantic City.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Talks on Good Exercise.

Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, author, New York City, speaking about the bicycle, says: "The bicycle has done more for the health of women than all the doctors." Edwin L. Shuman, literary editor, *Record-Herald*, Chicago, Ill., writes as follows: "Every day from April to November, barring rainy ones, I ride a bicycle from my home in Evanston to my office in Chicago and back, covering twenty-five miles in the round trip. For years I have done this with unfailing benefit to my health and enjoyment of life. There is more healing in a good bicycle than in a carload of medicines. Success to the crusade for better roads and more wheeling." See the new Massey-Harris Cushman Frame at the Canada Cycle and Motor Company's showrooms, Bay and Temperance streets.



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"There's Never a Law—"

By
Bertrand W.
Sinclair

BILL TODD came to the Glasgow country from across the line in search of strays from the "Seventy-six." There was nothing remarkable about that, of course, because Canadian horses were always drifting south into Montana. The remarkable thing was that Bill should send his stock to the home ranch by his partner, and hang around Glasgow himself for no obvious reason. But Annabel Stafford could have enlightened those who wondered at Bill's absence from his native heath, had she been minded to do so.

Glasgow inhabitants were too much taken up with their own urgent affairs to pay much attention to Bill Todd and his comings and goings, or undoubtedly some of them would have given him a few pointers on the idiosyncrasies of "Dad" Stafford. Besides, Bill, being a Canadian, and a quondam sheep-herder, was of little moment in their estimation. So he continued to grace the main street of Glasgow with his presence during the day, and when the shades of evening fell he would hobnob unobtrusively to the cottage where Annabel Stafford, with the futile aid of a hard-of-hearing maiden aunt, kept house for her absent father.

How Bill, whose long suit was the taming of refractory bronchos and the chasing of long-horned cattle, came to make the acquaintance of, and such a decided hit with, Miss Annabel, is not a matter of history. It was a fact, nevertheless. Every evening, when grey dusk was rolling in from the east, and a ruddy glow tinged the western horizon, Bill Todd might have been seen snugly ensconced in the capacious armchair of the absent sheriff, exchanging repartee with Annabel or quoting poetry that made her blush and smile sweetly on him. Bill was strong on poetry. He quoted Keats and Tennyson with great feeling to Annabel, as they seemed to him to be most appropriate for the occasion; but his main hold and private choice was Burns or Kipling—especially Kipling.

Bill could elucate Kipling by larrikin lengths on the slightest provocation. On the road to Mandalay was his favorite lullaby for soothing restless cattle when he stood night-guard, and he even went so far as to improvise an air for the *Song of the Banjo*; but when he essayed to render it, the cowboys indignantly rose en masse and drove him forth from camp with much profanity. And the Seventy-six men swear that Bill stampeded their beef-herd one calm moonlight night by getting off his horse and declaiming *The Rhyme of the Three Seals* from the top of a convenient rock.

He would have enjoyed giving Annabel a sample of his elocutionary powers, but he remembered the herd and took no unnecessary chances. Keats and Tennyson furnish some very tender little love passages which go well with the dusk of the evening; and Kipling is a bit strength for a lady, anyhow.

Bill had convinced Annabel, in spite of the maiden aunt's vigorous assertion that all men were a snare and a delusion, that life without one William Todd would be a gloomy, lonesome, heart-aching void, and they had plighted their vows of eternal faithfulness, when Dad Stafford appeared on the scene and disrupted their little idyll. Not as the serpent entered Eden did Dad Stafford come, with insidious soporifics, but like a raging lion, seeking whom he might devour—the same being Bill Todd.

There were two things that Dad Stafford guarded with jealous care—one was the dignity of his office as sheriff, the other was his daughter. In his capacity of sheriff he was duly respect-

ed by the unlawful ones of Valley County, for when he went after a man he generally got him; and having got him he kept him, for Dad believed in the primitive frontier method of shoot-first and talk-later. In his paternal capacity he had been equally successful, seeing that Annabel had arrived at the mature age of twenty without having had her conjugal rights pre-empted; this in a country where pretty girls—or girls of any kind, for that matter—were away above par in the matrimonial market.

Those eligible suitors who, heretofore, had laid siege to the feminine Stafford citadel did not appeal to Annabel. Dad did not attempt to influence her in their favor; he simply took good care that no ineligible got on the firing-line. And for graceless cowpunchers and devil-may-care broncho-peelers, he had a decided aversion—from the father-in-law viewpoint, that is. They were a necessary adjunct to the proper carrying on of the stock business, he admitted, but he didn't want any in the family, by thunder!

It was afternoon when Dad Stafford returned from his arduous five weeks' hunt for certain horse-thieves who had been persistently plying their nefarious calling within the confines of Valley County. Annabel, who was neither a fool nor an angel, immediately rushed in where she should have feared to tread, and the valiant sheriff swore by the unhallowed bones of the horse-thieves he had failed to catch, that he would see Mr. W. Todd roasted to an elegant brown in the classic abode of fallen spirits before he would permit him to become allied by marriage to the house of Stafford. In this mood he cleaned and oiled the cylinder of his forty-five, and otherwise prepared for a hostile demonstration as the time of Mr. Todd's vesper-time call drew nigh.

Bill knocked valiantly on the front door. He was aware that Dad Stafford had returned, and he came prepared to importune that gentleman for the hand of his daughter. It was rushing things a little to woo, win, and wed a maid within such a limited period, but Bill's presence was demanded across the line; and there was nothing slow about Bill Todd, if he was a Briton and had had dealings with sheep. So when a rumbling voice bade him enter he went meekly in, like a lamb to the slaughter.

In the big easy-chair Bill had occupied for many pleasant evenings, Dad Stafford reposed his generous frame, and glowered at Bill as he entered. On a couch sat Miss Annabel, nervous and red-eyed from much weeping. Bill bowed politely to both and casually mentioned that it was a fine evening. Then he cleared his throat and prepared to take the bull by the horns, so to speak. "Mr. Stafford, I suppose," he interrogated of the surly-looking paterfamilias.

"That's what they call me," came a cavernous growl.

"My name is Todd," said Bill, hesitatingly. This was not a very auspicious beginning, he felt. "I—I got somethin' to tell yuh. I—I—"

"Yuh needn't tell me nothin'." Dad Stafford rudely interrupted. "This girl o' mine has done all the tellin' that's necessary. I won't have it. Yuh c'n save yuh breath, an' hit the trail."

"But, look here—"

Bill got under way once more, but the huge waves of the sheriff's anger speedily swamped his frail conversational craft. Also he discovered that Dad was intensely anti-British.

"Doggone yuh! I don't yuh stand there chewin' the rag with me," Dad rose to his feet, emitting sundry forcible objurgations, and thumped a convenient table with a ham-like fist. "I want to tell yuh right now, young feller, that I'll have no blasted Canuck hangin' round after my girl. When she wants a man I'll see that she gets the right kind of one—an' yuh don't look good to me. See! Furthermore, I'm sheriff uh this here county an' if I catch yuh inside these here Glasgow city limits t'morrow I'll run yuh in for a 'vag.' Vamoose! or I'll go in the air with yuh right here."

Bill stood slightly undecided, wholly surprised, and very much angered, until Dad made a threatening move toward him. Then Annabel uttered a frightened "Oh, please go!" and Bill went hastily, but flinging defiance over his shoulder as he stepped through the front gate.

"Yuh bigoted old cuss!" he stormed back at Dad Stafford, "I'll show yuh what a Cypress Hill cowpuncher c'n do." At the first corner he paused and stared gloomily back at the abode of his beloved. As he gazed the words of *The First Chanty* came to his mind.

"Mine was the woman, darkling I found her,"

he muttered, "an' by the Lord! no chin-whiskered old varmint is a-goin' to come between us, either." After which utterance he strode along. Even on the most momentous occasions Bill Todd could not refrain from Kipling.

He proceeded to his room at the Le-laud, to nurse his outraged dignity, and plan the confusion of Dad Stafford, for Bill had no intention of giving up his heart's desire without a bitter struggle. Unless Annabel refused to listen to his plea, Bill was confident that he would ultimately win.

Bill spent the rest of the evening cultivating the acquaintance of a riotous spirit from the Little Rockies. "Bones" was in Glasgow to have a good time, and he welcomed with open arms any one who would join him in his frolic. It is a cowpuncher's failing that he is not content to enjoy himself in solitude; he must have comrades to share his joy—the more the merrier. Bones was no exception to the general rule, and he was also a stranger in Glasgow; therefore he met Bill's advances with keen appreciation, and they became sworn friends in a marvelously short time.

Next day Bill kept eagle-eyed watch on the Stafford home and the move-

ments of Dad; but the sheriff's duties did not carry him beyond gunshot of his cottage. The court-house and county jail were within plain sight of his house, and he kept continually within these bounds.

Bill reviewed the situation comprehensively. He felt no uneasiness concerning the sheriff's promise to "vag" him—that was purely a threat. But he could not afford to precipitate a personal encounter by boldly going to the house. The thing to be done, then, was to manage a clandestine interview with Annabel. Bill felt that if he could speak privately with her he could induce her to take matters into her own hands; in short, to follow the universal custom of lovers thwarted by relentless parents, and elope. Once married, he, W. Todd, would take a long chance with the doughty Dad.

Late that evening a daring plan came to Bill Todd. He had just returned from a fruitless attempt to interview Annabel. A glance through the front-room window, the shade of which was unlowered, had revealed Dad Stafford reclining in his favorite chair, and Annabel glumly seated on the couch. As I said, a plan came to Bill Todd and he proceeded to put it into execution immediately. His first act was to seek out the hilarious Bones, without whose aid Bill's plan was not feasible.

Bill did not consume much time in search of Bones, for he knew exactly where to find him. Having done so, he lugged the exhilarated stock-hand to a secluded spot and unbundled his soul. Whatever the proposition, Bones heartily concurred. It would, he assured Bill, be a pleasure to him if he could wake up this old town. In fact, he had figured on doing so before he left, and he would gladly advance the date of his departure if thereby he could help a brother cowpuncher—and he didn't like old Stafford, anyhow! Then they separated, each to his task.

W. Todd's next move was to button-hole the proprietor of the lively stable which sheltered his horse. After a conversation during which certain crisp greenbacks passed into the stableman's hands, Bill busied himself saddling two horses. Having done so to his liking, he placed the two in a wide stall near the rear exit of the stable, and sallied forth into the night.

A half-hour later Glasgow was experiencing a slight revival of the good old "cow-trail" days, when swarms of riders took the town by weight of numbers and much burning of powder. Bones, of the Little Rockies, well mounted and plentifully supplied with cartridges, was manfully endeavoring to "smoke up" the town in old-fashioned style. This was very amusing to those Glasgow citizens who owned no property on the main street, to which thoroughfare Bones confined his dexterous pistol practice; but certain solid municipal pillars began to fear for their windowpanes, and sought about for the town marshal to have him abate Bones as a public nuisance.

The town marshal, however, was not to be found, as Bones and Bill Todd were well aware. He had gone on private business to a ranch a short distance out of town. Thus it came that after a fruitless search, an excited drug clerk ran wildly to the sheriff's home and demanded that he come forth and arrest the exuberant youth who was dispensing bullets and thrilling war-whoops with such joyous abandon, before he demolished the colored globes which graced the windows of the chemical emporium.

Dad Stafford girded on his pistol and fared forth with a parting injunction to Annabel not to sit up for him if he did not soon return. Being informed that Bones was mounted, the sheriff mounted also, having had experience with men who shot up towns. He knew that Bones would probably show a clear pair of heels to an officer on foot—provided the aforesaid officer didn't tumble him off his horse with a lucky shot—and since he must go after him, Dad intended to get him.

Barely had Dad Stafford clattered away from his stable before there came a gentle tap-tap on the front room window. The maiden aunt was snoozing vibrantly in a rocker—she was a little deaf, anyway. Annabel went curiously to the window and peeped out. Bill Todd stood in the shadow and pointed meaningly toward the rear of the house, moving even as he pointed. Annabel tiptoed softly out of the room, and met

him joyously at the kitchen door. In a few blissful, fleeting moments Bill Todd unfolded his plan. "Will yuh come, girlie?" he pleaded. "Yuh know I'll be good to yuh. Yuh got a right to pick for yuhself—yuh ain't no kid."

"I'd like to, Will," she whispered; "and yet I hate to leave dad like this." "He's so set in his ways," Bill urged. "Yuh know he'll never give in as long as yuh don't take things in your own hands. I've got a fine little place across the line, an' maybe he'll soften up after a while, when we're married an' gettin' along time. Yuh better come, Bell."

And she went. At daylight Dad Stafford went also. At sunrise he struck the fresh hoof-marks of two shod horses in the soft earth of the White Mud trail. A little before noon he wended his weary horse on the frontier of Canada, forty-five miles from home. Before him, in the cleft end of a willow planted squarely in the center of the trail, a folded sheet of paper fluttered in the wind. Climb stiffly down from his saddle, Dad Stafford opened and read it. It was a truly W. Todesque rendition of Kipling, and this is how it ran:

"Go back in peace to your Glasgow home, for Annabel is mine, And there's never a law of Uncle Sam runs north of forty-nine."

—The Argonaut.



GENUINELY A PLEASURE.

Irate Barman—Can't you find better work than hangin' round here all day cadgin' for drinks?

Bill the Blotter—Work—d'yer call it? It ain't work—it's a 'obby!

The Blind Caravan.

By W. Wilfred Campbell.

I am a slave, both dumb and blind,
Upon a journey drear;
The iron hills lie far behind,
The seas of mist ahead.

Amid a mighty caravan
I toil a sombre track,
The strangest road since time began,
Where no foot turneth back.

Here rosy youth at morning's prime
And weary man at noon
Are crooked shapes at eventime
Beneath the haggard moon.

Faint elfin songs from out the past
Of some lost sunset land
Haunt this grim pageant drifting, vast,
Across the trackless sand.

And often for some nightward wind
We stay a space and hark,
Then leave the sunset lands behind
And plunge into the dark.

Somewhere, somewhere, far on in front,
There strides a lonely man
Who is all strength, who bears the brunt,
The battle and the ban.

I know not of his face or form,
His voice or battle-scar,
Or how he fronts the haunted storm
Beneath the wintry stars;

I know not of his wisdom great
That leads this sightless host
Beyond the barren hills of fate
Unto some kinder coast.

But often 'mid the eerie black
Through this sad caravan
A strange, sweet thrill is whispered back,
Borne on from man to man.

A strange, glad joy that fills the night
Like some far marriage horn,
Till every heart is filled with light
Of some belated morn.

The way is long, and rough the road,
And bitter the night and dread,
And each poor slave is but a god,
To lash the one ahead.

Evil the foes that lie in wait
To slay us in the pass,
Bloody the slaughter at the gate
And bleak the wild morass;

And I am but a shriveled thing
Beneath the midnight sky,
A wasted wan remembering
Of days long wandered by.

And yet I lift my sightless face
Toward the eerie light,
And tread the lonely way we trace
Across the haunted night.

—New York Outlook.

A Rest and Arrest.

"I haven't seen your cashier for several days."
"No; he's gone out of town."
"Gone for a rest, I suppose."
"We haven't found out yet whether he's gone for a rest or to escape it."

"Mother, can we go to play with the other children?" "You may play with the little girls, Emily, but not with the boys; the little boys are too rough."

"Well, mother, if we find a nice, smooth little boy, can we play with him?"—Life.

Oyama, Field Marshal.

THOSE who have made even a cursory study of the military career of Iwano Oyama, marquis of the empire and field marshal of Japan, cannot marvel at his rout of the Czar's armies in Manchuria. Oyama is no novice in the art of war, no barbarian soldier fighting blindly and simply matching force against force; but a skilful strategist, who years ago made a name for himself and won the respect of military experts in all parts of the world.

For more than a quarter of a century has Marshall Oyama been the real head of the war establishment of Japan. Of noble family, he began his military career in the War of the Restoration, and though untrained in the modern methods of fighting, won the position of a commander, and also was wise enough to realize Japan's need of the military training which could then be acquired only in the schools of the Western world. Three years spent in Europe gave him the knowledge he needed, and since that time he has been in almost continuous service. His career upon the field has been one unbroken line of victories, and in the war with China he let the world see to what good use he could put the lessons he had learned. After that struggle, determined to keep in close touch with every progress made in the ways of war, he made another tour of Europe, which resulted in more reforms and improvements in the Japanese Army. It is due, in very large measure, to his work that the opening of the present terrible struggle found in the Mikado's empire an enormous army, composed of strong and sturdy men, who were not only fearless, but well trained, perfectly equipped with the most approved and most destructive weapons, commanded by men who, following Oyama's example, had made a hard study of the best works on military manoeuvres, and become as proficient as time and ability would allow.

Never from the start has Oyama seemed doubtful of the result. While his despatches to Tokio have not been marked by boastfulness or bragadocio, they have been in a tone of supreme confidence in his army and in its ability to perform the task assigned it. There has been an awful slaughter of his men, and he has subjected himself to severe criticism for his supreme indifference to human life, but he has kept on winning victories, driving the Russians from post to post, failing in no movement, making each attack tell in the further demoralization of the enemy. In this work he has proved more than a match for the Czar's commander, has outgeneraled him time and again, and has forced him to seek refuge in what promises to be a most disastrous as well as a most disgraceful retreat.

Field Marshal Oyama is a conspicuous representative of the new era in Japan. He typifies not only the spirit of progress to manifest in that nation, but the desire and determination to learn from other peoples further advanced in civilization and to put the knowledge there acquired to good use. As a warrior, as a strategist, and as a great commander the Field Marshal of Japan now holds the center of the world's stage and has contributed a valuable service in placing his country in a position to command that respect which must come from the conviction that it can defend itself against a powerful enemy and make a successful resistance to invasion of its territory.

Wife of His Youth.

The dedication to *Ben Hur* got General Lew Wallace into trouble. When he was writing the book he told his wife that he expected to dedicate it to her and that she must furnish the dedication. She wrote the following, which appears in the first edition of the work: "To the wife of my youth."

The book leaped into public favor at once. The usual penalties of greatness followed. General Lew Wallace began to get hundreds of letters from people who had read the book. Among them were scores from women who supposed that the dedication meant that "the wife of his youth" was dead.

They sympathized with him in the fact that Mrs. Wallace was not alive to share his fame, and more than one of them hinted that she could be induced to help him to overlook his loss. These letters annoyed General Wallace. When it came time to prepare a second edition he thought of how he could put a stop to the matrimonial offers.

"You got me into this mess," he told Mrs. Wallace. "You must get me out." She was willing, and after some thought suggested the addition of a few words to the original dedication, and in all future editions it appears as follows: "To the wife of my youth, who still abides with me."

So it is that lovers of rare books have added this odd first edition to their collection. The book went into many editions after the first, and it is seldom that one of the first is found. If it has the dedication as first printed above, the collector may be sure that it is a first edition. Alexander Hill of Cincinnati has one of the first editions with a fly-leaf of a later edition bound in, showing the two styles of dedication.

There are three ages of woman—men, children and gossip.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE LIKE

Blue Ribbon

because it is tightly sealed in lead packets, not lying about in all kinds of places like ordinary bulk teas. Blue Ribbon is carefully watched from plantation to home, and pleases all.

Only one BEST TEA.

Blue Ribbon's It.

Worn Out?
Run Down?

I will gladly give you a full dollar's worth of my remedy to test.

Nothing to deposit. Nothing to promise. The dollar bottle is free. Your Druggist, on my order, will hand you a full dollar's worth and send me the bill.

Why do work and worry and excess and strain and over-indulgence break down constitutions and make men and women worn out and run down and restless and sleepless and discouraged and morose? Because they weaken the tiny, tender nerves on which life itself depends. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the automatic nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control the digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that worry wears out and work breaks down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

It does no good to take stimulants and narcotics, for theirs, at best, is but a temporary effect which merely postpones the final day of reckoning.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. It remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ to deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well. That is the end of all vital troubles. That is the end of sleepless nights and restless days. That is the end of "nervousness," the end of brain fog and fatigue.

If you are worn out, run down and have never tried my remedy, merely write and ask. I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept as gladly as he would accept a dollar. He will hand you from his shelves a standard-sized bottle of my prescription, and he will send the bill to me. This offer is made only to strangers to my remedy. Those who have once used the Restorative do not need this evidence. There are no conditions—no requirements. It is open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief. All that I ask you to do is to write—write today.

For a free order for a full dollar bottle you must address Dr. Shoop, Box 99, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 2 on the Heart. Book 3 on the Kidneys. Book 4 for Women. Book 5 for Rheumatism. Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases are often cured by a single bottle. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

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Old family lace, Duchesse, old point or Brussels laces do not lose their refined character or softness if we clean them. We've a way of tinting laces to harmonize with certain dress fabrics. Surprise your friends with your "new" silk shawl. Let us dye the old one.

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Ten Cents
You can buy a small jar of
MacLaren's Imperial Cheese
It is not a large jar, but it is large enough to make you want more.
MacLaren's Imperial Cheese has a delicious flavor, with three times the nourishing power found in ordinary cheese.

The Coupons are Valuable
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Fruit contains certain principles which act like a charm on the liver—and keep the whole system well and strong. But these principles in the fruit juices are too weak to have any marked effect on the internal organs. The value of

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

lies in the secret process by which they are made. The fruit juices are so combined that they have an entirely different effect from fresh fruit. Their action is the action of fruit greatly intensified. They have a marked effect on the liver—tuning it up—making it active. "Fruit-a-tives" are, without doubt, the only complete cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles.

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Clark's Potted Meats

are unrivalled For Sandwiches.

Potted Ham, Tongue, Chicken, Etc., Etc.

Clark's Pork and Beans are delicious Try them

W. CLARK, Mfr. Montreal.



OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg
King St. West

HERBERT C. JACUITH,
Confederation Life Bldg.

J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.

J. ARTHUR E. REESOR,
Confederation Life Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
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a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet (free, in plain sealed envelope). De Miracle mailed sealed in plain wrapper for \$1 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 20 Queen St. West, Toronto. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by

THE SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED,
TORONTO, ONT.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

ANY men have a habit of going down to their offices on a Sunday, and many Sabbatarians revile and rebuke them for doing so. There is nowhere on earth one tastes the perfect flavor of the Day of Rest more keenly than in the deserted business places, where one is accustomed to hurry and bustle and noise. It is simply a revelation to a business man or woman who has not tried its restfulness to open up a big office, with its desks and chairs and safe and drawn blinds, and sink into a comfortable chair and enjoy the subtle novelty of utter stillness, the sense of safe refuge from intruders, the piquant contrast of the surroundings with one's utter idleness. Sometimes I have spent a whole Sunday afternoon in a deserted quiet room, where the "silence" hung that "heavy," as Kipling says. And now comes testimony from a hustling business man to the same weakness, with frills on it which I should be disturbed at. He says:

"It's a habit of mine to come down to the office Sundays and think. It's a big place, with rows of desks outside, and telephones, and typewriters in rank and file like soldiers, and on week-days is full of clatter and business. I like the contrast when only the old clock has anything to say and the office cat comes round and purrs and rubs against my leg. In the silence I hear the voices of friends, scores and hundreds of them. Every person I ever knew has left his or her voice with me. I hear every intonation, every inflection, the tone and expression as clearly as though the voice were with me."

Not the voices for mine, please, only the dear faces alight with love and interest, the sense of nearness which only remains with a few. I don't like the notion of all those voices. But then, I am the sort of Irish that only really hears one of those gone-away voices when there's trouble in the air. They just call me loudly by my monosyllabic name, and the call means "Look out, old lady, something's coming!" It always comes, generally unwelcome, but because of the warning, not unexpected. Once the call woke me from a sound sleep, brought me back miles and miles, from a half-finished journey, to Toronto, to the succor of one in great need. Practical voice that, wasn't it? Fortunately it doesn't often mean the renouncing of a little holiday, as it did that time.

It is a fact that some persons never can learn spelling. Not long ago a girl received a red-hot and most convincing declaration of affection from a lover, which she perused with great delight, blushing, sparkling, mysterious, though hers was a transparently-blinded secret. All at once she paused, burst out laughing, and refused to explain. But the fact was that the ardent lover was a poor speller and had written: "You are my guardian angle," and this pointed remark had upset her gravity. They are married happily, however, and no doubt time has smoothed off the obstreperous "angle."

"What can be the reason I don't have more influence over my husband?" asked a little wife of me. "Before we were married he used to consult me and take my ideas about things, and he did just what I suggested, but now when I tell him he ought to do anything, he is just as likely to do the very opposite." It made me laugh. Suggestions and orders are such different things, and told on the docility of lover and husband as they do on the ordinary man all the world over. The joke books are full of tales of how wives get their own way one drives pigs to Cork, by heading them towards Dublin. Suggestion before marriage and command after! And things weren't lovely? Of course not. So I told the little woman to remember how she used to listen with rapt attention to her lover talking about his plans and affairs and emotions, and how sympathetic she was over his difficulties and hindrances, and how gently and meekly she used to put up a helping hand and an encouraging smile and a brave, tender word. No wonder he came for consultation and advice, and thought she was the sweetest, cleverest ever! And I asked her whether she listened as patiently now that she wasn't so keenly interested, or if she said, "Oh, you know I don't understand business, so why do you ask my opinion?" And she laughed and said that was just what she did say, and that it was quite true. And we remembered that it had always been true, and that her suggestions had really been reflections of his opinions after all, and that his asking for advice was just a bluff for a sympathetic hearing. Then the little woman laughed. "What fools men are!" she rippled. And I was laughing, too. "If they weren't they'd be simply atrocious," I told her. "And there are always women who dearly love a fool, when he's only foolish about her." "Or when she thinks it," said the little woman wisely. But she had reached the bottom of her worry about declining influence and found out how the thing worked. For no man ever comes to a woman for advice—not any I have ever consorted with. They come for praise, sympathy, rest, comfort, agreement, encouragement, and any old thing that they need very badly, but never honestly and sincerely seek a healthy-minded man come to us for advice. If he did, I'd not believe him!

Here is testimony from a Canadian abroad which will be music in the ears of some Toronto folks. My correspondent writes from the Western States: "I receive the SATURDAY NIGHT every week, and nothing pleases me more than reading some of Don's 'hot shots' at the Americans and their country, aloud to the other members. Of course we are not perfect, even in politics, but away ahead of them in many, many ways. When I am home I am as ready

as the next to kick about our street car system and everything else, but as soon as I get away I can only think about the good things of our city—the Heights, the boat trips, the beautiful woods and ravines on every hand, our quiet Sundays and church-going people, our moral and educational spirit, and all the things that go to make real life, and not the shallow, money-loving and insincere existence of our smart cousins across the line."

Another correspondent writes from Detroit: "We get the SATURDAY NIGHT regularly and read it with much interest. In this city we have no such paper. Our papers here are of the sensational class and, I think, can be enjoyed only by those who have acquired the taste."

These two letters don't sound annexationist, do they? LADY GAY.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

You flatter men with your actions, women with words.

A woman is never too old not to admit she is younger.

Some women would think they were dressed if they had only a smile on.

It's a great moral triumph not to get your name in the papers when it is in a scandal.

There is hardly any insult a woman can resent more than for you to intimate that her rival has naturally curly hair.

Some men are so far-sighted they keep out of rows with relatives by marriage but not getting married.

A girl has very little use for a man whose probity is so staunch that he won't even steal anything from her lips.

A woman has an idea that if schools were taught arithmetic she would always be as young as she says she is.

The thing that specially makes a woman mad with a burglar is that he doesn't leave his address so she can send the police to him.

Very often a man wears an uncomfortable kind of collar just because he once saw the picture of a great man with the same kind on.

A miss is as good as a smile.

A man is master in his own house when he isn't home.

Women figure their birthdays not in years, but in presents.

The longer a man doesn't stare at a girl the surer she is that he is going to.

A burglar knows he would have to fight if he tried to steal the bed-covers on a cold night.

The best way not to argue with your wife is to communicate with her by telegraph.

It's very uncomfortable to sit two in a chair when somebody suddenly comes into the room.

A man can get to be as poor as a church mouse trying to prove he isn't by the money he spends.

A woman teaching somebody how to play whist is as awesome as when she explains Shakespeare.

There are more ways than a man can count of not being able to dodge getting engaged to a girl.

There is hardly any vice that seems as extravagant as raising a family.

When a woman glares savagely at a man in a street car it is a sign he gave her his seat.

You can never get it out of a woman's head that there isn't somebody she ought to be jealous of.

Nowadays people have no respect for the business ability of a man who can't support his son-in-law in better style than he lives himself.

After a woman has sharpened a pencil to look as if it had been chewed by a bulldog, she believes that if she had been born a man she would be a great shipbuilder.

A woman never loses faith in her lucky star, even when her hair begins to turn grey.

When a man is a coward you can scare him by telling him there is nothing to be scared of.

A boy could have as much fun getting a tooth pulled as following the advice of his Sunday school teacher.

A woman is more afraid of what the milkman says about how much she uses than of her husband's bank rating.

Tired Mother (to restless child)—Now you sit still! I've brought you ten miles to enjoy this entertainment, and you shall enjoy it, if I have to pull every hair out of your head!

When Kuropatkin's left is right his right is sure to be left.

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Sole Agent for Canada

Lord Dudley, the Viceroy of Ireland.

EARLY in life Lord Ednam, now known to the world as the Earl of Dudley, gave promise of those qualities which have since made him a prominent figure in the political and social world.

As a boy he was ever popular with his schoolmates, and at Eton he showed distinct prowess, being especially good in the racket court, and it had not been for the accident which has since made him lame, he might have been even more prominent in college athletics. His father's death in 1885 made him, at the age of 19, the possessor of over 30,000 acres in the Midlands, a West Indian estate, valuable collieries in Staffordshire, and more than one country house. When people were wondering whether he would come to the fore in public life he undertook various local public duties, such as being Mayor of Dudley, and discharged them with the tact and personal charm which he has always been noted for in after life.

It was when he married in 1891 that his real career began. His wife, a beautiful woman, brought him more than mere looks. She saw at once that with his qualities he might rise high among the princelings of the Empire, if in no other sphere nearer home, and with perfectly legitimate but untiring ambition she set herself to work to inspire her husband and to give him just that measure of self-confidence which was, perhaps, somewhat lacking in his own character. And thus in no small degree does Lord Dudley owe to her to-day the success which he has attained, for besides a charming personality she is the ideal wife for a diplomatist or public man.

Lord Dudley began his political training by casual secretarial work. In the year 1895 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.

His ability in defending in the House of Lords the famous contracting-out clause in the Workmen's Compensation Act was much noticed at the time, and it was largely owing to his influence that his brother, Mr. Robert Ward, became member for Crewe, where the London and North-Western Railway men were in favor of their own system of insurance. During the South African war Lord Dudley was on the staff of Lord Roberts, and did good work, obtaining the South African medal with several clasps. On his return he was offered, in 1902, the Viceroyalty of Ireland by Mr. Balfour, and it is no exaggeration to say that no viceroy in our time has been more popular with all classes of the community in the Emerald Isle; and Lady Dudley and he have performed their social duties with marked bonhomie and tact.

On two occasions His Lordship has entertained His Majesty the King on visits to Ireland, and he is known to be an intimate personal friend of the Sovereign, while Lord Dudley's career in Dublin has been marked by a hospitality and liberality even more lavish than any of his predecessors. His outdoor proclivities, his love for hunting, and regular attendance at race meetings have appealed to the sporting sympathies of the Irish people. He also golfs, motors, and shoots, besides being an excellent fisherman.

But there is a serious side in Lord Dudley's character, without which a sketch of him would be incomplete. It is painstaking to a degree. If he has had official papers to read and master one may be certain that he is well acquainted with the details. If a knotty problem has to be solved Lord Dudley will not be content until he has collected every particle of evidence and heard every possible opinion upon the subject before making up his mind. He is intensely receptive, and possesses the knack of talking to the right people on their particular subjects.

If one might criticize, it is equally true that in the atmosphere of Dublin Castle politics he has at times been somewhat too easily led, and perhaps overmatched, by the extremely able, but sometimes partizan, officials by whom he is surrounded. In the recent incident arising out of Lord Dunsen's devolution scheme he has come out as a courageous statesman, for it must have been evident from the first that if the project went far enough to please the Nationalists it would arouse intense resentment in Ulster. Whereas, if the north of Ireland deemed it acceptable, the Nationalists would have rejected it as totally inadequate. He has thus been caught between the upper and nether millstones of racial and religious jealousy.

In public Lord Dudley has a dignified presence, is almost an orator, and has command of graceful language in which to express his ideas. It is not too much to say that the King has never been more worthily represented in Dublin Castle.

M. P.

The Latest Thing in Raincoats.

On leaving off the winter overcoat, it is well to remember that one needs some better protection against the showers of April than that afforded by the ordinary spring overcoat. Many men still like to keep two lightweight overcoats—one for fine weather and one that sheds the rain, but the more economically inclined are now adopting the custom of wearing a spring overcoat that answers all the purposes of a lightweight garment, and which is, in addition, waterproof. For such an overcoat, Levy Bros. are this year showing some beautiful goods in rainproof materials. They are made up in either the long, loose Chesterfield style or as a "surbat," the latter being a bit the smarter of the two. The tailoring establishment of this well-known firm, just back of the King Edward, in Colborne street, is the center for all that is up-to-date and correct in male attire.

"How do you like my new low-neck dress?" asked a society lady, as she came into the presence of her husband, just before going out to dinner. "It's all to the good, dear," replied the man of affairs, "but where on earth are you going to tuck in your napkin?"

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AN OPPORTUNITY like this comes but once in a lifetime. Anyone can have a home in Cuba under our most liberal colonization plan.

The way is now open to you. It only remains for you to grasp the opportunity now offered. Bear in mind, too, that the Western farmer who raises twenty bushels of wheat to the acre and gets seventy-five cents per bushel for it, thinks he is getting rich, while in Cuba \$250 to \$500 per acre can be made with far less effort and uncertainty.

TEN ACRES of good fertile land in Cuba, properly planted in early winter vegetables in the autumn, and properly cared for, with careful methods employed in harvesting and marketing the crop, will yield a net return by spring of from \$600 to \$800 per acre, or \$5,000 to \$8,000 for the season's work, exclusive of cost of cultivation.

THIS CROP from such a tract is marketable in December and January, from thirty to sixty days before the Florida growers have begun to ship, and at a time when the northern markets are practically bare of competing products.

Absolutely No Risk.

We think we have shown you in the past that you take absolutely no risk when you invest with us. You secure land to-day that will be worth five times its money in one year.

A TEN-ACRE GROVE of orange and grapefruit trees will yield you a profit the fourth year of \$1 per box, or \$900 (90 trees—90 boxes, \$90 x 10 acres—\$900.)

When your grove comes into full bearing it will pay you from \$2,700 to \$5,000 a year for life, and it will be worth \$10,000 cash any day you want to sell it, and it will be yours.

TEN ACRES planted in pineapples will yield any man who will look after it properly from \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year return from fruit and suckers, out of which must come the cost of the actual cultivation, which is not large when once the tract is planted.

How does this compare with farming profits in this country?

Exchange of Land

Pick out your plantation tract to-day, while you still have a choice of the best locations.

Read our prospectus as to quality of land, fertility, etc., but remember that if you select your property now and are not satisfied with it when you see it for any reason, we will cheerfully exchange it for another tract in our surveyed portion not already taken up which will be satisfactory. We want everybody satisfied with land allotted. It is also to our interest to give every applicant the very best land on our estate. It means a direct advertisement by the recommendation of their friends and puts great value on our other property.

EVERY OFFICER of this Company is active. There are no figureheads, no "dummies," and no drones connected with the organization. There isn't room for them. Therefore we will see that every promise made is carried out to the very letter.

Land values in Cuba are just beginning to boom; still there have been phenomenal increases in value.

Write for Prospectus

Land has increased 1,200 per cent. in five years in the neighborhood of the American settlements.

Captain L. D. Baker and his associates in the Cuba Fruit Company bought thousands of acres at \$5 to \$10 per acre four years ago in Santiago Province. They refuse \$100 per acre for their unimproved tracts to-day. One thousand per cent. increase!

You have the chance to do the same thing—make your money out of fruit-growing and land.

Extracts from Expert Reports from one of the Best Fruit Growers of Cuba.

I rode over this property and made several investigations of the subsoil, digging about five feet deep in each instance. I found nothing that would even to the slightest degree change my opinion regarding the suitability of the land for the successful cultivation and growing of all kinds of citrus fruits. I found the duplication of the Florida soil, on which the best groves in the world are raised, not only in the general appearance of the land, or top soil, but also in the subsoil, except in no case did I find any hard-pan, or even any evidence of hard-pan.

The land and the subsoil underlying it is in every way perfectly adapted to profitable growing of oranges.

The soil, as you know, is a sandy, loose earth, easy to cultivate, and in this respect much more desirable than any other land to be found in Cuba, because while it is economical to cultivate it is the best land in the world for oranges.

Cattle Raising

Hogs multiply very rapidly, breeding often as three times in a year, so that an increase of ten to a sow is conservative. They sell when young at \$4 to \$5 each.

Cattle increase at the rate of 80 per cent. to the number of cows in a herd, including all loss by death.

A yearling is now worth about \$18, a two-year-old (breeding age), \$28, and a three-year-old, \$40. Oxen (broken in) are worth from \$120 to \$160 a yoke.

Pineapples.

Eight thousand to ten thousand plants per acre bear in twelve to eighteen months from time of planting an average of 8,000 pineapples, or 250 crates per acre; cost delivered at New York, \$1.25 per crate; average wholesale price over six months, \$2.93 per crate; average profit, per crate, \$1.68.

Our estimate: 250 crates per acre; profit, \$1 per crate; total profit, \$250 per acre.

THE ADVANTAGES over California and Florida may be enumerated briefly as follows:

In California the profits of the orange-growers are diminished by: Expensive artificial irrigation. Expensive methods of frost protection. Frequent losses of fruit and trees from frost.

Expensive fertilizers to enrich the soil. Heavy freight rates (by rail) to eastern markets.

Fourteen days' haul to New York. In Cuba the orange-grower enjoys: Copious, but not excessive, rainfall. Rains well distributed throughout the year.

Absolute freedom from frost. Naturally fertile soil. Freight rates 48 cents less per box than California.

Four days by steamer to New York. This Company is the owner of 70,000 acres of very rich, fertile land in the Province of Pinar del Rio, Cuba. This land is suitable to the growth of the finest quality of tobacco, oranges, lemons, pineapples, and other citrus fruits.

One acre produced last year \$2,700 in tobacco. The revenue-producing powers of this estate will not be reduced by sale of lands, as the cultivated portion will be increased by additional plantation.

The lands offered for sale can be made as productive within a short period as those at present cultivated. The estate is abundantly watered by numerous streams and fresh-water springs.

The temperature is even, so that catarrh is unheard of.

This Company is now offering land in blocks of ten acres or more at \$10.00 per acre. Stock at par, or scrip entitling the owner to an option to take land at \$10.00, or stock at par, for a limited period.

Only 10,000 acres will be offered at \$10.00 per acre, of which 7,000 acres are already sold. The second 10,000 acres will be sold at \$20.00 per acre or over, within a few months. The balance of the estate to be disposed of—30,000 acres—will be raised to \$50.00 per acre or over.

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Terms—25 per cent. cash; 25 per cent. 30 days; 25 per cent. 60 days; 25 per cent. 90 days; or terms can be arranged.

Bee Keeping

An American settler near Candelaria, Pinar del Rio Province, Cuba, started with 33 colonies of bees in April, 1900. Just two years later, or in April, 1902, he had actually sold 7,200 gallons of strained honey at 29 cents per gallon, and 150 nuclei of bees at \$1.50 each, and had 600 colonies working. He had realized \$2,078 from his honey and \$225 from his nuclei, or a total of \$2,303, and had increased the size of his "plant" over 1,500 per cent. This "side line" yielded an income of nearly \$1,200 a year.

A thousand dollars a year can be easily earned by a planter of ten-acre banana plantation, and if care be taken to cultivate the land more closely than the natives do, thereby securing large bunches and plenty of them, this sum can be increased.

This Offer is Good for a Limited Time Only

PROMPT DECISION and immediate selection of lands and lots is absolutely necessary, and we urge you for your own good to avoid disappointment by making your choice at

once if you wish to share in this great allotment of land.

WE CANNOT keep this offer open always, as the Plantation Tracts we have to dispose of are limited in number.

WE RESERVE the right to withdraw this offer at any time, or to increase the price of our land.

LAND OWNERSHIP is an almost certain safeguard against adversity.

HARD TIMES, sickness, and old age may come, but he who owns his home is certain, at least, of a port in which to ride out the gale or end his days peacefully in this sailors' "snug harbor."

FORTUNATE, indeed, is the man or woman, whose ownership of land includes both a home and a living, or means of support. Such land-ownership carries with it not only a place of abode, but also food, raiment, and the comforts of life. As a heritage for one's family it is better than life insurance or a bank account. In short, it does what a farm should do.

Extracts of Letters from Cuba.

Call and see Originals.

Your letter of the 7th of January to hand. I will gladly give you any assistance I can. I have not visited the tract of land you mention, but I am told that it is very good land. It is hard to find land in Cuba that is not good for something. Provided the company is solid, you have an opportunity of a lifetime in buying this land at \$10 per acre in small lots. Large tracts of 2,000 or more acres are still for sale at this figure, but it is almost impossible to buy small lots. The land you think of buying is good for oranges, and some of it for tobacco, and all of it for pineapples.

I purchased my land from the Dav- enport Company of Cuba, an American company, with offices at 23 William street, New York. It is a very wealthy company, and they have spent an enormous sum of money here. They started two and a half years ago selling land at \$10 per acre. I bought six months ago at \$50 per acre, and on the first of February it goes up to \$60 per acre. Nearly all this company's land is now sold, and they are trying to buy more. About 2,000 acres are planted with oranges, and planting is still proceeding rapidly.

I know of no land on this terrestrial sphere so blessed by Providence in all that goes to make up natural wealth and productive possibilities, sunshine, moisture, immensely fertile soil, and a delightful climate, and then consider the close proximity to the best market in the world for its

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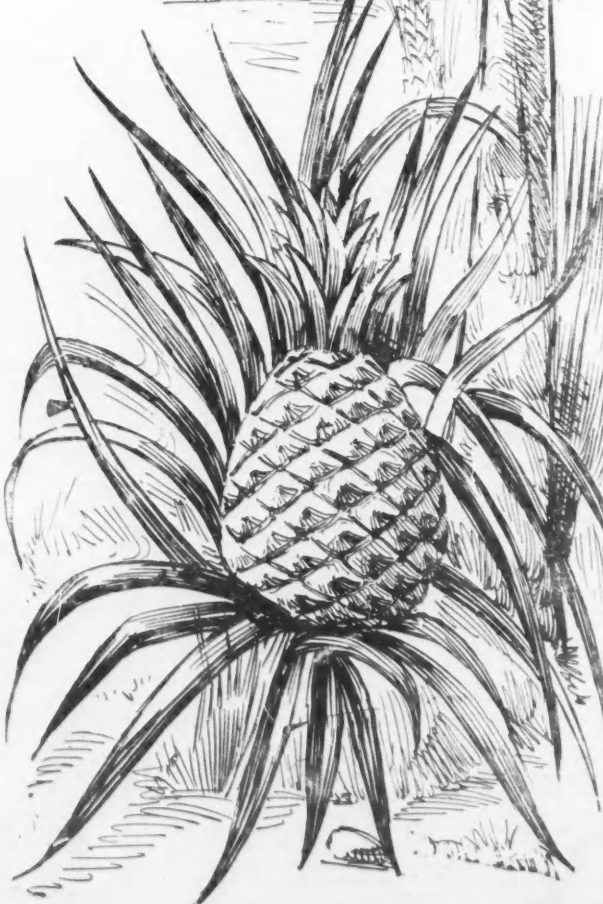
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TORONTO





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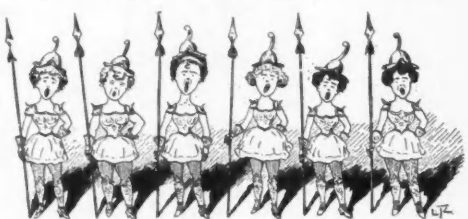
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THE DRAMA



SAN TOY, which was given the first half of the week at the Princess, is still as popular as this delightful comic opera deserves to be, and crowded houses greeted the excellent company which presented it. Mr. James T. Powers as *Li* is unquestionably one of the most amusing people on the comic opera stage. He is the *Li* conceived by the authors, and very much the *Li* that he has made himself. He is the strong figure of the cast, and made the opera, whose music has become very familiar, go with almost its original verve. Another particularly attractive personality was Miss Margaret McKinney as *Dudley*, Poppy's maid, who sang and danced delightfully. Despite the slight evidences of the length of time the clever company has been "on the road," the life of the opera was well preserved throughout, and the scenic effects and stage-mounting were excellent.

Adelaide Thurston is at the Grand Opera House this week and gives a charming piece of acting in the title rôle of *Polly Primrose*. It is a charming character, and Miss Thurston plays with great versatility. The scene in which her patriotism and love struggle for mastery is particularly powerful. Mr. Brinsley Shaw plays the part of *Hugh Carlisle* with considerable dignity and force. Mr. Frederick Kerby as *Oliver Chase* gives an accomplished bit of acting. The smaller parts are well filled and the scenery and costumes quite admirable.

There is a good all round show at Shea's this week. *Dodging the Dodges*, a musical sketch by the Reed Birds, heads the bill. Their act is clever and bright, the songs are catchy, and dancing good. Mr. Harry Gilfoil is as amusing as ever, his imitations being particularly clever. Lew Sully, who is well known here, sings some up-to-date songs and tells funny stories. Keele's Japs are a good troupe of athletes, being very strong and of wonderful agility. Mary Dupont presents a little comedy entitled *A Leap-Year Leap*, in which the agonies of a bashful suitor are well portrayed. Wood and Ray talk nonsense for rather a lengthy period. Lizzie M. Wilson, a German would-be comedienne, and the kinetograph complete the bill.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

ST. PATRICK, real and mythological, occupied the center of the New York stage for at least one day last week. A monster parade of thirty thousand sons of the Green Isle and two banquets, to say nothing of private celebrations in "Shamrock cocktail" or "Jameson high-balls," did little honor to the memory of this distinguished saint of the fifth century. The visit of President Roosevelt also added interest to this year's celebration, and the Celtic enthusiasm of his reception may mark either the apotheosis of a somewhat estranged President, or the alienation of an important wing of the Democratic party. But of that anon.

The day did not promise fair. Early morning saw the sky obscured by a thick grey mist, which seemed to muffle even the drums that were trying to rouse the faithful to martial pitch. But the genial sun could not long resist an Irish parade. At first his smile was feeble and his caress indifferent, but this was all "the restraint of art." And long before the procession got under way he was grinning broadly on these humorous, delightful, disaffected sons of a rebellious race.

Disaffected even in New York, I find. For, despite the evidence of this great annual Fifth Avenue parade, with its triumphant martial strains, its ten thousand green banners flung gaily to sun and wind, Irish possession is disputed. As our old Hibernian janitor mournfully put it, in a momentary burst of confidence, "Things has changed in New York; the place ain't no good at all; there's too many 'furriners' here now."

But the town was theirs on the Seventeenth—at least all that portion of it above Forty-second street. Below that line has been surrendered these many years. Even the parade ignores it.

At both the important banquets, that of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at Delmonico's and the Irish Sons of the Revolution at Hotel Astor, the "Gaelic revival" came in for a considerable share of the attention. Even the President, after he had done justice to his fads, the Navy, Race Suicide, and the Motherhood of Woman, drifted into the pleasant seas of Celtic literature, and ventured to impress his hearers with the beauty and wealth of Celtic sagas. Then he asked for *Kelly, Burke and Shea*, which, of course, was recited amid thunders of applause.

But the hit of the Friendly Sons' dinner was this telegram to one of the diners, read by the President himself: "Patrick just arrived. Tired after parade. Sends his regards to the President. No race suicide in this family. Weighs eight pounds and looks like the whole family. Mother is doing well."

Can you imagine the emotion of that scene? There were better things than this done, of course, and some good stories told. One fairly good one was told by a divine who, by the way, referred to ministers as "invisible all week and incomprehensible on Sunday." The story was of a lawyer who had quit the pulpit for the bar, because he found he could "make more money keeping men out of jail for one week than keeping them out of hell for all eternity."

The latest English star to twinkle in the dramatic firmament of New York is Mr. Murray Carson, who opened on



A ROYAL GROUP—THE QUEEN AND HER GRANDCHILDREN.

The names, reading from left to right, are: Back row—Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria. Front row—Prince of Wales, the Lady Maud Duff, Prince Edward of Wales, Queen Alexandra holding Prince George of Wales, the Henry of Wales, the Lady Alexandra Duff, Prince Albert, Princess Victoria of Wales.

Broadway the other night in a play of his own, *The Trifler*. Properly speaking, this new stellar object is a "double," easily divided even without the aid of an opera glass. For Miss Esme Beringer, the co-star who shares the leaded type on the programme with Mr. Carson, has so far proved herself not only his equal in lustre, but apparently of sufficient brilliance to shine alone somewhere in starry space.

Just what Mr. Carson's own relative magnitude may be, the little piece he showed himself in the other night provides little or no means of knowing. It was indeed a trifle, a very mysterious trifle at that, and only added another to the succession of provoking failures with which English actors have seen fit to open their New York engagements this season. Wyndham and Terry, of course, excepted, because for the most part they stuck to well-worn classics. Aside from these, we have had Mr. Willard in that most amazing *Lucky Durham*, and, still more recently, Mr. Forbes Robertson, the greatest of modern actors, in the even more amazing *Love and the Man*.

Can we help asking "What do these gentlemen think of us?" And now comes *The Trifler* to out-herd all. The only thing that redeems this piece from utter execration is the opportunity it gives Miss Beringer for some really excellent work, both in comedy and emotional drama. Without her, the play is impossible. With her, we managed to find some delightful, if rather detached, moments of dramatic entertainment.

The general impression is also that Mr. Carson is an actor of very considerable ability, in fact he hinted that more than once, and had the play held together at critical moments might have proved it beyond a doubt.

And he wrote the play himself. This theory, that one's own personality, if properly projected, is the thing, and not the play, may be excusable in a theater magnate, or a Trust

collaborator like Mr. Fitch, but is rank heresy just the same, and utterly unworthy of some of the actors and actresses who have lately given it both a hearing and an airing.

The Trifler is called a comedy in three acts. There are three acts, while a few broken bits of comedy scattered among these acts account for the rest of the description. But what it is really all about, the author has taken every possible precaution to conceal.

The play deals with the court life of a certain little German principality, and the scene is a castle somewhere on the Rhine. From the lines, we finally gather that *Queen Elsa* and *Prince Max* have just been married—to suit somebody's convenience—and are in this castle "enjoying" their honeymoon. The official honeymoon family is made up of the Minister of the Interior, *Count Friedel Von Kuntz*, *Cardinal Polna*, a lieutenant, a butler and a peasant. Into this family circle is projected a certain Baroness, in disguise, who brings a letter from someone, to someone, about someone. The letter is concealed in a glove which at once falls into the hands of *Von Kuntz*, the "Trifler," whose resignation it was apparently designed to procure. The letter is simply taken out, another inserted, and the glove eventually restored to the importuning Baroness, whose plot goes off like a puff-ball instead of a cannon. The Baroness is, of course, beaten—that much we are given to understand, as well as the fact that *Von Kuntz* has beaten her because he loves her. But the logical necessity of this reasoning—well, is not quite clear to an "American" audience.

The scenes are pretty, the small company exceptionally capable, and we are hoping that all will have a better opportunity of showing what they can do later on.

Mr. Carson bears not the least resemblance to the type of English actor we have heretofore known—having neither the appearance, voice, manner nor accent, we call English. Miss

Beringer, on the other hand, is conspicuously English in all these qualities. An ideal *Candida*, one would say, and with all the necessary technique to make a great success of the part.

Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of *Hamlet* this past week has been received with deep delight, as indeed such a *Hamlet* should be. Whether we share wholly this gifted actor's conception of the melancholy Dane or no, it remains the most authoritative and interesting *Hamlet* since Irving's.

Mr. Robertson's conception, and of course the version the actor has arranged for himself, has a distinct advantage over others in placing before you, not only a consistently thought out character, but also in representing the development of the drama along familiar lines of action. Starting from the hypothesis that *Hamlet* is feigning madness,

"How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on . . ."

his version is as good as a brief for this theory. One scene is omitted so that *Ophelia* may enter next and give credence to this madness. But whatever madness *Hamlet* may have feigned before others, he never feigned to *Ophelia*. The "madness" she saw was the real madness of a soul out of correspondence with its environment.

Hamlet had communed with the spirit world, and it is little wonder if, after that, he should seem pre-occupied and indifferent—too pre-occupied even for love. And what a hideous thing this passion called love was, as revealed in his own mother. "Frailty, thy name is woman," was no pat phrase, but the sincere conviction of a soul distraught.

Mr. Robertson, I think, makes this very important distinction, and always shows *Hamlet* secretly, broodingly in love with *Ophelia*. Until the trick of *Polonius* is exposed, no harsh word has passed, and then the outburst is the harshness of grief and bitter disappointment, not anger, and certainly not lovelessness.

That players' scene, wherein *Hamlet* confounds the *King* and *Queen* with the sight of their own iniquity, is surely one of the most powerfully worked up scenes ever witnessed on a stage. But this is only to select one out of many powerful scenes, that for real dramatic quality, fervor, conviction and intellectual force have seldom been equalled, and probably never surpassed.

The production of an Ibsen play is never without interest, but the promised production, for practically the first time in America, of his latest dramatic epilogue, *When We Dead Awake*, was a promise full of unusual interest and literary curiosity.

Whatever the public may think of Ibsen and Ibsen plays, there is no escaping their wonderful fascination. And judged in the reading, *When We Dead Awake* seems more than ever charged with that quality of uncanniness, and strange, weird symbolism, which distinguish so many of Ibsen's marvelous creations. This play seemed also to present very serious, if not insurmountable, difficulties for adequate stage mounting, Ibsen, in this, calling for a staging apparently beyond the resources of private enterprise, to which we have still to look for the presentation of his plays.

These difficulties, however, the present producer, Mr. Maurice Campbell, has most successfully overcome. Every scene is positively superb, the last showing the mountain tops, the mist, the gathering storm, the curious, uncanny cloud-formations, proving a veritable triumph in stage mechanism. The avalanche itself was not attempted, but a clever way around it was discovered. A sudden darkness eclipses the scene, followed by great gusts of wind and rain—then a crash. The curtain is dropped for an instant, and a moment later a deep red glow of early sunrise discloses the bodies of *Rubek* and *Irene*, half buried under the slide. So much for the staging.

The presentation of the drama itself was an equally sincere effort, and quite worthy of serious consideration. There were surprises, of course. For instance, we knew that Ibsen was not in entire sympathy with the half-fledged, self-centered *Rubek*. But to find him developed into the merest cad, in spite of his reputation as a great sculptor, was rather unexpected. This may simply be due to the actor's own unfortunate personality, which failed to suggest qualities of inherent greatness, or to carry conviction, even when noble lines were given him. The part, moreover, is one for a great actor, and Mr. Frederick Lewis, who essayed the rôle, is not that, however sincere and conscientious his efforts may be.

The story of the play is, of course, already familiar to all readers of Ibsen. *Rubek*, a sculptor, and *Maia*, his wife, are not in sympathy. *Rubek's* old model and inspirer of his great work, "The Resurrection," comes on the scene of this domestic incongruity, and *Rubek* at once turns to her for that sympathy, of which he finds his wife incapable. These are the material facts which, Ibsen-like, are discussed with relentless logic from the standpoint of our spiritual well-being and aspirations. With society's laws Ibsen has no man's or woman's concern. They simply do not enter into his discussion. Society is a fraud, a pretence, and social laws a skillful arrangement of human interests, to cheat the soul of its life and damn it for this world or any other.

Between *Maia* and *Rubek* there is spiritual incompatibility. That is enough for Ibsen's purpose. Unlike our modern writers of "problem" drama, he does not make *Maia* a fool or a knave in a ridiculous effort to appease, or square himself with, society. In fact, fixed by any human standard, *Maia* is a very good, wholesome sort. A materialist in a way, but very human, very affectionate, large-hearted, and discerning enough, too, when it comes to *Rubek's* poses and egotistical self-absorption. A cheerful, healthful, companionable sort of creature, she stands for the common-sense of life. "Why so much fuss over a simple matter?" impatiently shutting off one of *Rubek's* numerous homilies.

Dorothy Donnelly, of *Candida* fame, was cast for this rôle, and filled it admirably. Her reading was clear, interesting and intelligent. She was arch, playful and pouty in turns, always human, and sometimes sensuous with an honest longing for life and action. In her hunter's garb, following *Ulffheim* up into the mountains, she was altogether happy and care-free, enjoying the sport and sensing the tingle of warm, healthy blood in her veins. There was no mistrust, nor gloomy foreboding in this frank child of nature. The "glory of the world" to her was the glory of sensuous well-being, and "the mountain-top" the fulfilment of natural desire.

Irene, on the other hand, is a wholly spiritual conception. She it is who has realized the Ibsen ideal, and fulfilled life from the Ibsen standpoint, even to the death of all desire. And on her falls the chief burden of the psychological development of the drama. The character is, of course, purely symbolic, and the difficulty of interpreting much of this symbolism to the understanding of a Broadway audience—even the exclusive audience of a week-day matinee—will, no doubt, be fully appreciated. The poverty of all our poor imaginations seems never so touching as in the presence of Ibsen. Miss Florence Kahn undertook this difficult task, and certainly gave a unique and highly interesting performance. In spite of elocutionary defects, and a very unbecoming make-up, she succeeded in charging the part with plenty of weird, if uncomfortable, fascination, and cast over us all a spell that only left us when we had reached the pavement and plain daylight. The impression was distinct and vivid, and her study throughout showed a keen appreciation of the intellectual and psychological demands of her part. This was particularly true all through the "death period," up to the moment of re-awakened desire. After that, for physical reasons, she was not quite so well placed.

The rest of the cast was entirely satisfactory and altogether the performance was one not soon to be forgotten.

J. E. W.

Elucidations.

FADS—Other people's hobbies.

ALLOWANCE—A sum of money we spend before we get it.

PESSIMIST—A person who is perfectly happy only when he is perfectly miserable.

HUSH MONEY—The kind that talks most.

A DISTANT RELATIVE—A rich one.

BARGAIN COUNTER—A place where women buy things they don't want with money they do want.

WEATHER REPORT—One that is not always verified.

HONEYMOON—The brief period before the novelty wears off.

NOTORIETY—Something that doesn't last so long as fame, but brings in more money.

THE SIMPLE LIFE—The existence led by people who invest in get-rich-quick schemes.

J. J. O'CONNELL.



GENERAL LINEVITCH TAKES COMMAND OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN MANCHURIA.

The Doctrine of Force.

WAY back in the very early eighties there registered at the Knappin House, which a year afterwards went up in smoke, but was the swagger hotel of its time in Winnipeg, Mr. Pulteney Pelham and Mrs. Pulteney Pelham of London, England. Two minutes after being allotted rooms in the indifferent, *nil admirari* manner of the hotel clerk of the West, Mrs. Pelham, escorted by a couple of porters bearing multitudinous small parcels of travel, was shown to them, and Mr. Pelham inquired his way to the bar-room, which might be conveniently described as his headquarters for the next half year.

Those were the days of the first great rush to the Canadian West, and the Pulteney Pelhams of England were coming in droves. The sheep-runs of Australia, the tea plantations of Ceylon, the Egyptian Mounted Police, and the Turkish army had lost much of their attractiveness, the gold mines on the Rand in the Transvaal were unknown, and the Canadian West, then being opened up by the Canadian Pacific Railway, was the lodestar that twinkled appealingly to that large class in the Old Country which is superfluous at home and makes up what Kipling describes as the gentleman rover abroad.

Pulteney Pelham was distinctly of that class, and if he had been put on a sheep-run far enough away from temptation in Australia, or on a Ceylon tea plantation with a Scotch



"She pines on 'is sense of honor."

overseer who had common sense and a restraining influence, he probably would have returned to England a middle-aged, respectable man with a big beard and five figures in the bank. But Pulteney Pelham had two apparently irremediable drawbacks to playing the rôle of the gentleman rover abroad with whatever success ever comes to that usually unsuccessful character. He was married, and at thirty years of age he showed every indication that he would soon fill a coffin about six feet three inches in length, and that the cause of his death would be called delirium tremens, or alcoholic poisoning, if the doctors were indifferent to the feelings of the Pelham family in England and did not wish to do the pleasant thing and call it "heart failure."

To those who had been about and knew "their England," the past story of Pulteney Pelham and Mrs. Pulteney Pelham was not hard to read. The dissipated recklessness of his past could be read in the lines of his still aristocratic-looking face, and the fact that he was a cadet of one of the noblest houses of England, some of the hundred and one Englishmen of his class huddled together in the crowded hotels and boarding-houses of the Winnipeg of the boom days, verified. He was accordingly made a member of the Selkirk Club, described in the trite language of the West as "Booze and Blood," and formed seemingly for no other purpose than the interchange of drinks and pedigrees. And he became a conspicuous member.

Mrs. Pulteney Pelham "went out." In the whirl of the real estate boom, the newness of the social life, and the paucity of women, the handsome, dashing Mrs. Pelham went with a rush socially. That her aspirations were irregular was merely an eccentricity in one who bore the historic name of Pelham. That her costumes were at times startling as to color and design was put down complacently by her Canadian women friends to lack of judgment or her maid. Women will forgive much in a beautiful woman who dresses in egregious taste. And the fast-living, money-making, money-spending Winnipeggers of those days cared little or nothing for indiscriminately placed "his" in the conversation that came from ripe red lips to the accompaniment of brilliantly flashing dark eyes. And they weren't reading past histories at that time of boom and bustle.

To the few who were leisurely speculative as to other people's affairs, it was written in fairly large type that a scion



"His long, nervous fingers encircled her throat."

of one of England's noble houses had not been altogether out of fashion in marrying a barmaid or a chorus girl.

There was never any doubt about where Pelham could be placed, socially. Drunk, half drunk, or "jumpy," he was what the head waiter of the Selkirk, who had obtained his situation from the fact that he had been knife-boy at the Carlton in "dear old Lunnnon," described as a "toff." He might reel precariously up the narrow staircase of the Knappin House seven nights a week, and require both his trembling hands to bear the absinthe from the bar to his quivering lips next morning, but there was no doubt that Pelham had a right to his name and whatever is generally supposed to go with centuries of gentle breeding.

"Hi know 'im. The West End is full of 'em," said the head waiter. "Younger sons of the nobility and gentry let run to seed. Get goin' on the drink. Chucked up by their friends and the only sympathy they meet with is from the barmaid who fixes up their B. and S. in the mornings. Then when the girls got somethin' in her 'ead besides the fringe hover 'er hey she pines on 'is sense of honor. And he, mad at 'is friends and dead fond of 'er by this time, for sympathy works wonders on a man disowned by 'is own flesh and blood, gets drinkin' 'arder and 'arder, and then one mornin' he wakes up and finds 'isself married. Hand then 'is friends wake up and talk about the disgrace to the family and give 'im £500 to go and settle in the colonies. An' 'ere 'e is. Sometimes they turns up hall right, and hagin they dyon't. It depends on the man."

Those of us who knew Pelham well began to fear that nothing could avert the impending shame and ruin that was hanging over the particular branch of the Pelham family located in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Pelham would play cards, and



"GENERAL," THE FINEST LION IN CAPTIVITY.
"General" is the chief attraction of the Clifton, Eng., Zoo.

he knew less about the mysteries of draw-poker than the knickerbocker child that answered the frequent bells for further refreshments in the card-room, and Mrs. Pelham would go out in any and all sorts of society that made Winnipeg the hot-bed of more scandal than had possessed a Canadian city since the withdrawal of British troops from inland Canada.

There was very little doubt about how it was all going to end, when one afternoon at the club a garrulous busybody, forgetting his usual cowardly discretion, grew sympathetic in his cups with Pelham about "the fashionable gaiety" of Pelham's wife. The boorish brute, angered by the air of haughty indifference of the man he pretended to sympathize with, went far and said with insulting directness:

"You won't be at that sleighing party to-night. Oh, no! Husbands not allowed. No, husbands not allowed. And the driving party gets scattered. Dave Binks, the big contractor, is getting it up. Lively time when Dave goes into society. He's no carpet knight. He plays for keeps. Still he's a good man to stand in with in this country. Get a pull with Dave and you're all right. I suppose Mrs. Pelham will be driving with him to-night. Get her to put a word in for you for a Government job. Dave has got a big pull with the Government."

Pelham didn't say anything. He left his untasted glass on the table and went out into the cold, crisp air of the Manitoba winter and walked beyond the town out to the broad prairies. His alcohol-sodden brain was on fire with maddening thoughts. Away over the featureless, dull white of the snow-covered plains he looked as if on the uninviting future of his own life. He turned and looked on the ill-shapen medley of buildings of those days called Winnipeg, as if on his own irregular past.

"But this—this—this—by—! This will never be! The name my mother bore will never—"

And as his wife was seated, arranging her hair preparatory to the evening's outing, he walked into her room.

"Oh! It's you, is it?" she said indifferently. "What brought you 'ome so early?"

"I came home to ask you not to go to that driving party to-night," he said quietly.

"My hey," she said with a contemptuous laugh, "you 'ave got a nerve, and you're sober as a judge, too. Of course I'm goin'."

"Whom are you going to drive with?"

"With Mr. Binks. 'E's got the best pair of 'osses in the province and won't I show them others their 'eels!"

Then Pelham told of the afternoon conversation in the club, and the strong, handsome face of his wife grew red—the dull red of anger.

"You certainly will not go now?" he concluded.

"Won't go! Won't I, though—!" And she said much more, said something in a language that since she had been a wife she had tried to forget. Pelham's face became deadly pale, and his eyes gleamed with burning fire. He strode quickly to her side as she reclined in the chair in untidy disarray. For two or three seconds his long, nervous fingers encircled her throat. They didn't press or pain her, but she felt their nervous, restrained force, and she saw with dilated eyes the stern look of concentrated determination in his face.



LANDING A BIG FISH.

The Disposal of Daisy.

STAINER was feeling extremely unhappy as he gazed at the pictures displayed at the opening exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. He knew nothing about art, he hated the chatter of feminine voices and he wished heartily that he was at home in his old clothes, smoking "infinite tobacco." He had been brought thither by his cousin, Daisy Merritt, and her mother, who did not see any sense in having a male relative and not making use of him. Suddenly Stainer's right hand clenched, and into his sleepy, grey eyes came a look which boded no good to the object of his gaze. For the first time in a fortnight he had caught sight of Lambert—Freddie Lambert—who had played him a scurvy trick in the matter of certain real estate transactions, and who had been so lost to decency as to boast of his acuteness. The worst of it was that Stainer had regarded Lambert as his own familiar friend, had camped with him on the Gatineau, and gone on a Western tour in his company without discovering that Lambert was, as the office-boy declared, "no sport." Lambert was not looking in the direction of the man whom he had "done up slick," but was apparently absorbed in admiration of the golden pompadour and infantile smile of a young lady who was saying with enthusiasm: "Aren't those roses perfectly dear?—and do look at that picture of the old mill."

As Stainer interpreted the expression on Lambert's face several thoughts came to him for the maiden with the golden pompadour was none other than his cousin, Daisy. Suddenly Lambert turned and an uneasy flush came into his cheeks as he encountered Stainer's glance. But the latter moved forward, and, much to his quondam friend's surprise, nodded curtly as he passed. Daisy turned to him with an air of proprietorship as he said: "When do you think of going home?"

"Oh, not for half an hour yet," was her reply.

"I say, Stainer," said a familiar voice behind him as Daisy was lost in the crowd, "who's the pretty girl?"

"My cousin, Miss Merritt," said Stainer briefly, while to himself he added: "The nerve of the brute!"

"Will you introduce me?" continued the Brute.

"Excuse me," was the cold reply, "I see no reason why I should do so."

Something resembling a grunt came from Lambert, who turned away with his jaw set in a fashion which meant discomfiture for some one. Ten minutes later Stainer felt a kind but firm hand on his arm, and looked into the anxious face of Mrs. Merritt. The lady was dressed in a grey gown trimmed with steel, which glittered in a sinister fashion as she walked, her grey hair was drawn severely back from a countenance whose nose of Roman cast and glittering *pince-nez* betokened a chaperon of no mild order and her whole appearance suggested the mother-in-law militant.

"Who is that with Daisy?" she asked abruptly. Stainer followed the levelled inquiry of the *pince-nez* and replied:

"Freddie Lambert."

"What is his business?"

"Real estate."

"Is he a young man of means?"

"He's picked up a good deal lately."

"A friend of yours?"

"Not exactly."

"I hope he has no bad habits," said the lady apprehensively as she noticed how closely the sleek head of Mr. Lambert approached the red foliage in Daisy's new hat.

"There is hope for the worst of us," said her nephew with a queer smile.

"He doesn't look like a drinking man," said his elderly relative with an air of inspection.

"Oh, no. I dare say he'd be a domestic success." As Lambert approached with Miss Merritt, Stainer turned on his heel and walked away to examine the beauties of a small landscape, only to be interrupted somewhat later by his worthy aunt, in whose cheeks there was a slight flush as she said rather nervously:

"Harry, I think we'll be going now. Mr. Lambert wants to come with us, and, as he is living out in Parkdale too, we won't trouble you to take us home. But come out on Sunday afternoon."

"Will Lambert be there?"

"Er—I thought we might ask him. He seems a very nice young man, and—you're sure that he's steady?" Stainer made haste to assure her that Lambert, although a man for whom he had no personal admiration, was possessed of those qualities considered desirable in a good citizen and in a caller at innocent homes, and then proceeded to stare in unfriendly manner at the approaching Lambert, who afterwards bore off Miss Merritt with the air of a successful Lochinvar.

The next Sunday afternoon was an unusually exciting occasion for the Merritts, who entertained their kinsman and their new acquaintance with the feeling that there was an unspoken hostility flavoring the cold tongue, chilling the tea and even casting a shadow over the chocolate cake. It must be admitted that Stainer was by far the more unmanly of the two guests, watching narrowly every word and gesture of the young man who sat on his left, and not offering him a second slice of the delectable cold tongue until urged to do so by his watchful aunt.

Some months later, Mrs. Merritt took her nephew into her confidence. "I don't know what to think of Mr. Lambert. He comes here three times a week and seems so devoted to Daisy. But he hasn't said a word yet, and, of course, it rather spoils a girl's chance to be seen too much with a certain young man unless he means something decided. If only my poor, dear James were living!" Stainer happened to know that the late Mr. Merritt, referred to as "poor dear James," had been sadly bullied in his lifetime and was enabled to meet death cheerfully.

"I know Lambert pretty well," he said quietly. "I think I can bring matters to a head."

"Nothing abrupt, you know, Harry. But I should just like him to see that we're not entirely unprotected."

"You may trust me," said Stainer with an air of confidence which sent Mrs. Merritt upstairs with a quiet heart.

The next time Lambert went out to the Merritt home he was surprised to find Stainer in the drawing-room, and still more surprised when the young man remained during the entire evening and accompanied him from the house.

"I want a word with you, Lambert."

"Half a dozen, if you like," returned the other flippantly.

"It's just this: You'd better drop this flirtation with my cousin. She's only jolly you along, anyway, and—"

"Do you mean to say," retorted Lambert angrily, "that it's any of your affair? Why, she's as good as engaged to me." Stainer chuckled.

"Oh, I know Daisy's friendly little ways. She's a thoroughly good sort, but she's never given you any real encouragement yet. She doesn't mean to flirt, but she can't help making herself agreeable. Daisy doesn't intend to marry just yet, and I hate to see you look like a fool, even if you got ahead of me about that real estate deal. You know a lot about the stock market, but you don't know anything about women."

Stainer smiled broadly when, a week later, he saw an ostentatious diamond on his fair cousin's hand; he smiled more broadly when he learned that "her mother was going to live with them," and he greeted the wedding invitation with absolute hilarity.

Stainer went west for a year, and the day after his return he met Lambert at the club and asked after the welfare of his aunt, the worthy Mrs. Merritt.

"I suppose she's all right," replied Lambert sulkily. "Confound it, Stainer! You bachelors are well off. Do you know, I would never have proposed to Daisy if I hadn't wanted to cut you out?"

"I know that," said Stainer, composedly.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Just this. I know my Cousin Daisy pretty thoroughly. We made mud pies together and my arm frequently bore traces of her pearly teeth. You thought I was 'dead easy' in the matter of that real estate deal, but I really think, Lambert—"

"What?" said the other man, rising hastily.

"The Governor of North Carolina once made an historic remark," laughed Stainer.

Even a modest young girl thinks it strange that a man doesn't understand all the queer clothes a woman wears.

About the time a woman gets over worrying about what kind of morals her son is going to have she begins about what kind of wife he will marry.

J. E. W.

Timely Topics.

THE STRENUOUS GAME.

(During the present season three young Canadians have died from injuries received in hockey games.)

In days of old none played for gold,
And hockey was a game of skill,
But now, alas! 'tis come to pass,
We play it as a game of kill.

A RUSSIAN WAR SONG.

'Tis night. Above Manchuria's plains
There lies a stillness as of death.
So dread the silence is that reigns,
Each valiant Russian holds his breath.
But hark! Through all the camp is sent
A whisper on the solemn hush—
It comes from Kurapatkin's tent—
"Run early and avoid the rush!"

WHY SOME GIRLS KEEP LENT.

"Fair maid," I asked, "why sacrifice
Your little foibles, this and that?"
"I want to save," she said, "the price
Of my new Easter hat."

No Coal Needed.

In a suburb of New York city a priest of one of the churches announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church. Nearly every one in the parish contributed except one Muldoon. A day or so thereafter, the priest, happening to meet Muldoon, said: "Dennis, why didn't you give something towards the coal bill?" Whereupon Dennis gave his reverence a sly wink. "Come, come, father!" he said. "The idea of ye trying to make us believe the money is wanted to buy coal for the church, when I, as well as your reverence, knows that it's heated by steam!"



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THE DRAMA



SAN TOY, which was given the first half of the week at the Princess, is still as popular as this delightful comic opera deserves to be, and crowded houses greeted the excellent company which presented it. Mr. James T. Powers as Li is unquestionably one of the most amusing people on the comic opera stage. He is the Li conceived by the authors, and very much the Li that he has made himself. He is the strong figure of the cast, and made the opera, whose music has become very familiar, go with almost its original verve. Another particularly attractive personality was Miss Margaret McKinney as Dudley, Poppy's maid, who sang and danced delightfully. Despite the slight evidences of the length of time the clever company has been "on the road," the life of the opera was well preserved throughout, and the scenic effects and stage-mounting were excellent.

Adelaide Thurston is at the Grand Opera House this week and gives a charming piece of acting in the title rôle of *Polly Primrose*. It is a charming character, and Miss Thurston plays with great versatility. The scene in which her patriotism and love struggle for mastery is particularly powerful. Mr. Brinsley Shaw plays the part of *Hugh Carlisle* with considerable dignity and force. Mr. Frederick Kerby as *Oliver Chase* gives an accomplished bit of acting. The smaller parts are well filled and the scenery and costumes quite admirable.

There is a good all round show at Shea's this week. *Dodging the Dodges*, a musical sketch by the Reed Birds, heads the bill. Their act is clever and bright, the songs are catchy, and dancing good. Mr. Harry Gilfoil is as amusing as ever, his imitations being particularly clever. Lew Sully, who is well known here, sings some up-to-date songs and tells funny stories. Keeler's Japs are a good troupe of athletes, being very graceful and of wonderful agility. Mary Dupont presents a little comedy entitled *A Leap-Year Leap*, in which the agonies of a bashful suitor are well portrayed. Wood and Ray talk nonsense for rather a lengthy period. Lizzie M. Wilson, a German would-be comedienne, and the kinetograph complete the bill.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

ST. PATRICK, real and mythological, occupied the center of the New York stage for at least one day last week. A monster parade of thirty thousand sons of the Green Isle and two banquets, to say nothing of private celebrations in "Shamrock cocktails" or "Jameson high-balls," did fitting honor to the memory of this distinguished saint of the fifth century.

The visit of President Roosevelt also added interest to this year's celebration, and the Celtic enthusiasm of his reception may mark either the apotheosis of a somewhat estranged President, or the alienation of an important wing of the Democratic party. But of that anon.

The day did not promise fair. Early morning saw the sky obscured by a thick grey mist, which seemed to muffle even the drums that were trying to rouse the faithful to martial pitch. But the genial sun could not long resist an Irish parade. At first his smile was feeble and his caress indifferent, but this was all "the restraint of art." And long before the procession got under way he was grinning broadly on these humorous, delightful, disaffected sons of a rebellious race.

Disaffected even in New York, I find. For, despite the evidence of this great annual Fifth Avenue parade, with its triumphant martial strains, its ten thousand green banners flung gaily to sun and wind, Irish possession is disputed. As our old Hibernian janitor mournfully put it, in a momentary burst of confidence, "Things has changed in New York; the place ain't no good at all; there's too many 'furriners' here now."

But the town was theirs on the Seventeenth—at least all that portion of it above Forty-second street. Below that line has been surrendered these many years. Even the parade ignores it.

At both the important banquets, that of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at Delmonico's and the Irish Sons of the Revolution at Hotel Astor, the "Gaelic revival" came in for a considerable share of the attention. Even the President, after he had done justice to his fads, the Navy, Race Suicide, and the Motherhood of Woman, drifted into the pleasant seas of Celtic literature, and ventured to impress his hearers with the beauty and wealth of Celtic sagas. Then he asked for *Kelly, Burke and Shea*, which, of course, was recited amid thunders of applause.

But the hit of the Friendly Sons' dinner was this telegram to one of the diners, read by the President himself: "Patrick just arrived. Tired after parade. Sends his regards to the President. No race suicide in this family. Weighs eight pounds and looks like the whole family. Mother is doing well."

Can you imagine the emotion of that scene? There were better things than this done, of course, and some good stories told. One fairly good one was told by a divine who, by the way, referred to ministers as "invisible all week and incomprehensible on Sunday." The story was of a lawyer who had quit the pulpit for the bar, because he found he could "make more money keeping men out of jail for one week than keeping them out of hell for all eternity."

The latest English star to twinkle in the dramatic firmament of New York is Mr. Murray Carson, who opened on



A ROYAL GROUP—THE QUEEN AND HER GRANDCHILDREN.

The names, reading from left to right, are: Back row—Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria. Front row—Prince of Wales, the Lady Maud Duff, Prince Edward of Wales, Queen Alexandra holding Prince George of Wales, the Henry of Wales, the Lady Alexandra Duff, Prince Albert.

Broadway the other night in a play of his own, *The Trifler*. Properly speaking, this new stellar object is a "double," easily divided even without the aid of an opera glass. For Miss Esme Beringer, the co-star who shares the leaded type on the programme with Mr. Carson, has so far proved herself not only his equal in lustre, but apparently of sufficient brilliance to shine alone somewhere in starry space.

Just what Mr. Carson's own relative magnitude may be, the little piece he showed himself in the other night provides little or no means of knowing. It was indeed a trifle, a very mysterious trifle at that, and only added another to the succession of provoking failures with which English actors have seen fit to open their New York engagements this season. Wyndham and Terry, of course, excepted, because for the most part they stuck to well-worn classics. Aside from these, we have had Mr. Willard in that most amazing *Lucky Durham*, and, still more recently, Mr. Forbes Robertson, the greatest of modern actors, in the even more amazing *Love and the Man*.

Can we help asking "What do these gentlemen think of us?" And now comes *The Trifler* to out-Herod all. The only thing that redeems this piece from utter execration is the opportunity it gives Miss Beringer for some really excellent work, both in comedy and emotional drama. Without her, the play is impossible. With her, we managed to find some delightful, if rather detached, moments of dramatic entertainment.

The general impression is also that Mr. Carson is an actor of very considerable ability, in fact he hinted that more than once, and had the play held together at critical moments might have proved it beyond a doubt.

And he wrote the play himself. This theory, that one's own personality, if properly projected, is the thing, and not the play, may be excusable in a theater magnate, or a Trust

collaborator like Mr. Fitch, but is rank heresy just the same, and utterly unworthy of some of the actors and actresses who have lately given it both a hearing and an airing.

The Trifler is called a comedy in three acts. There are three acts, while a few broken bits of comedy scattered among these acts account for the rest of the description. But what it is really all about, the author has taken every possible precaution to conceal.

The play deals with the court life of a certain little German principality, and the scene is a castle somewhere on the Rhine. From the lines, we finally gather that *Queen Elia* and *Prince Max* have just been married—to suit somebody's convenience—and are in this castle "enjoying" their honeymoon. The official honeymoon family is made up of the Minister of the Interior, *Count Friedel Von Kuntz*, *Cardinal Poina*, a lieutenant, a butler and a peasant. Into this family circle is projected a certain Baroness, in disguise, who brings a letter from someone, to someone, about someone. The letter is concealed in a glove which at once falls into the hands of *Von Kuntz*, the "Trifler," whose resignation it was apparently designed to procure. The letter is simply taken out, another inserted, and the glove eventually restored to the importuning Baroness, whose plot goes off like a puff-ball instead of a cannon. The Baroness is, of course, beaten—that much we are given to understand, as well as the fact that *Von Kuntz* has beaten her because he loves her. But the logical necessity of this reasoning—well, is not quite clear to an "American" audience.

The scenes are pretty, the small company exceptionally capable, and we are hoping that all will have a better opportunity of showing what they can do later on.

Mr. Carson bars not the least resemblance to the type of English actor we have heretofore known—having neither the appearance, voice, manner nor accent, we call English. Miss

Beringer, on the other hand, is conspicuously English in all these qualities. An ideal *Candida*, one would say, and with all the necessary technique to make a great success of the part.

Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of *Hamlet* this past week has been received with deep delight, as indeed such a *Hamlet* should be. Whether we share wholly this gifted actor's conception of the melancholy Dane or no, it remains the most authoritative and interesting *Hamlet* since Irving's.

Mr. Robertson's conception, and of course the version the actor has arranged for himself, has a distinct advantage over others in placing before you, not only a consistently thought out character, but also in representing the development of the drama along familiar lines of action. Starting from the hypothesis that *Hamlet* is feigning madness,

"How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on . . ."

his version is as good as a brief for this theory. One scene is omitted so that *Ophelia* may enter next and give credence to this madness. But whatever madness *Hamlet* may have feigned before others, he never feigned to *Ophelia*. The "madness" she saw was the real madness of a soul out of correspondence with its environment.

Hamlet had communed with the spirit world, and it is little wonder if, after that, he should seem pre-occupied and indifferent—too pre-occupied even for love. And what a hideous thing this passion called love was, as revealed in his own mother. "Frailty, thy name is woman," was no pat phrase, but the sincere conviction of a soul distraught.

Mr. Robertson, I think, makes this very important distinction, and always shows *Hamlet* secretly, broodingly in love with *Ophelia*. Until the trick of *Polonius* is exposed, no harsh word has passed, and then the outburst is the harshness of grief and bitter disappointment, not anger, and certainly not lovelessness.

That players' scene, wherein *Hamlet* confounds the *King* and *Queen* with the sight of their own iniquity, is surely one of the most powerfully worked up scenes ever witnessed on a stage. But this is only to select one out of many powerful scenes, that for real dramatic quality, fervor, conviction and intellectual force have seldom been equalled, and probably never surpassed.

The production of an Ibsen play is never without interest, but the promised production, for practically the first time in America, of his latest dramatic epilogue, *When We Dead Awake*, was a promise full of unusual interest and literary curiosity.

Whatever the public may think of Ibsen and Ibsen plays, there is no escaping their wonderful fascination. And judged in the reading, *When We Dead Awake* seems more than ever charged with that quality of uncanniness, and strange, weird symbolism, which distinguish so many of Ibsen's marvelous creations. This play seemed also to present very serious, if not insurmountable, difficulties for adequate stage mounting, Ibsen, in this, calling for a staging apparently beyond the resources of private enterprise, to which we have still to look for the presentation of his plays.

These difficulties, however, the present producer, Mr. Maurice Campbell, has most successfully overcome. Every scene is positively superb, the last showing the mountain tops, the mist, the gathering storm, the curious, uncanny cloud-formations, proving a veritable triumph in stage mechanism. The avalanche itself was not attempted, but a clever way around it was discovered. A sudden darkness eclipses the scene, followed by great gusts of wind and rain—then a crash. The curtain is dropped for an instant, and a moment later a deep red glow of early sunrise discloses the bodies of *Rubek* and *Irene*, half buried under the slide. So much for the staging.

The presentation of the drama itself was an equally sincere effort, and quite worthy of serious consideration. There were surprises, of course. For instance, we knew that Ibsen was not in entire sympathy with the half-formed, self-centered *Rubek*. But to find him developed into the merest cad, in spite of his reputation as a great sculptor, was rather unexpected. This may simply be due to the actor's own unfortunate personality, which failed to suggest qualities of inherent greatness, or to carry conviction, even when noble lines were given him. The part, moreover, is one for a great actor, and Mr. Frederick Lewis, who essayed the rôle, is not that, however sincere and conscientious his efforts may be.

The story of the play is, of course, already familiar to all readers of Ibsen. *Rubek*, a sculptor, and *Maia*, his wife, are not in sympathy. *Rubek*'s old model and inspirer of his great work, "The Resurrection," comes on the scene of this domestic incongruity, and *Rubek* at once turns to her for that sympathy, of which he finds his wife incapable. These are the material facts which, Ibsen-like, are discussed with relentless logic from the standpoint of our spiritual well-being and aspirations. With society's laws Ibsen has no man or of concern. They simply do not enter into his discussion. Society is a fraud, a pretence, and social laws a skilful arrangement of human interests, to cheat the soul of its life and damn it for this world or any other.

Between *Maia* and *Rubek* there is spiritual incompatibility. That is enough for Ibsen's purpose. Unlike our modern writers of "problem" drama, he does not make *Maia* a fool or a knave in a ridiculous effort to appease, or square himself with, society. In fact, fixed by any human standard, *Maia* is a very good, wholesome sort. A materialist in a way, but very human, very affectionate, large-hearted, and discerning enough, too, when it comes to *Rubek*'s poses and egotistical self-absorption. A cheerful, helpful, companionable sort of creature, she stands for the common-sense of life. "Why so much fuss over a simple matter?" impatiently shutting off one of *Rubek*'s numerous homilies.

Dorothy Donnelly, of *Candida* fame, was cast for this rôle, and filled it admirably. Her reading was clear, interesting and intelligent. She was arch, playful and pouty in turns, always human, and sometimes sensuous with an honest longing for life and action. In her hunter's garb, following *Ulheim* up into the mountains, she was altogether happy and care-free, enjoying the sport and sensing the tingle of warm, healthy blood in her veins. There was no mistrust nor gloomy foreboding in this frank child of nature. The "glory of the world" to her was the glory of sensuous well-being, and "the mountain-top" the fulfilment of natural desire.

Irene, on the other hand, is a wholly spiritual conception. She it is who has realized the Ibsen ideal, and fulfilled life from the Ibsen standpoint, even to the death of all desire. And on her falls the chief burden of the psychological development of the drama. The character is, of course, purely symbolic, and the difficulty of interpreting much of this symbolism to the understanding of a Broadway audience—even the exclusive audience of a week-day matinee—will, no doubt, be fully appreciated. The poverty of all our poor imaginations seems never so touching as in the presence of Ibsen. Miss Florence Kahn undertook this difficult task, and certainly gave a unique and highly interesting performance. In spite of elocutionary defects, and a very unbecoming make-up, she succeeded in charging the part with plenty of weird, if uncomfortable, fascination, and cast over us all a spell that only left us when we had reached the pavement and plain daylight. The impression was distinct and vivid, and her study throughout showed a keen appreciation of the intellectual and psychological demands of her part. This was particularly true all through the "death period," up to the moment of re-awakened desire. After that, for physical reasons, she was not quite so well placed.

The rest of the cast was entirely satisfactory and altogether the performance was one not soon to be forgotten.

J. E. W.

Elucidations.

FADS—Other people's hobbies.

ALLOWANCE—A sum of money we spend before we get it.

PESSIMIST—A person who is perfectly happy only when he is perfectly miserable.

HUSH MONEY—The kind that talks most.

A DISTANT RELATIVE—A rich one.

BARGAIN COUNTER—A place where women buy things they don't want with money they do want.

WEATHER REPORT—One that is not always verified.

HONEYMOON—The brief period before the novelty wears off.

NOTORIETY—Something that doesn't last so long as fame, but brings in more money.

THE SIMPLE LIFE—The existence led by people who invest in get-rich-quick schemes.

J. J. O'CONNELL.



GENERAL LINEVITCH TAKES COMMAND OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN MANCHURIA.

The Doctrine of Force.

WAY back in the very early eighties there registered at the Knappin House, which a year afterwards went up in smoke, but was the swaggar hotel of its time in Winnipeg, Mr. Pulteney Pelham and Mrs. Pulteney Pelham of London, England. Two minutes after being allotted rooms in the indifferent, *nil admirari* manner of the hotel clerk of the West, Mrs. Pelham, escorted by a couple of porters bearing multitudinous small parcels of travel, was shown to them, and Mr. Pelham inquired his way to the bar-room, which might be conveniently described as his headquarters for the next half year.

Those were the days of the first great rush to the Canadian West, and the Pulteney Pelhams of England were coming in droves. The sheep-runs of Australia, the tea plantations of Ceylon, the Egyptian Mounted Police, and the Turkish army had lost much of their attractiveness, the gold mines on the Rand in the Transvaal were unknown, and the Canadian West, then being opened up by the Canadian Pacific Railway, was the lodestar that twinkled appealingly to that large class in the Old Country which is superfluous at home and makes up what Kipling describes as the gentleman rover abroad.

Pulteney Pelham was distinctly of that class, and if he had been put on a sheep-run far enough away from temptation in Australia, or on a Ceylon tea plantation with a Scotch



"She pines on 'is sense of honor."

overseer who had common sense and a restraining influence, he probably would have returned to England a middle-aged, respectable man with a big beard and five figures in the bank. But Pulteney Pelham had two apparently irremediable drawbacks to playing the rôle of the gentleman rover abroad with whatever success ever comes to that usually unsuccessful character. He was married, and at thirty years of age he showed every indication that he would soon fill a coffin about six feet three inches in length, and that the cause of his death would be called delirium tremens, or alcoholic poisoning, if the doctors were indifferent to the feelings of the Pelham family in England and did not wish to do the pleasant thing and call it "heart failure."

To those who had been about and knew "their England," the past story of Pulteney Pelham and Mrs. Pulteney Pelham was not hard to read. The dissipated recklessness of his past could be read in the lines of his still aristocratic-looking face, and the fact that he was a cadet of one of the noblest houses of England, some of the hundred and one Englishmen of his class huddled together in the crowded hotels and boarding-houses of the Winnipeg of the boom days, verified. He was accordingly made a member of the Selkirk Club, described in the trite language of the West as "Booze and Blood," and formed seemingly for no other purpose than the interchange of drinks and pedigrees. And he became a conspicuous member.

Mrs. Pulteney Pelham "went out." In the whirl of the real estate boom, the newness of the social life, and the paucity of women, the handsome, dashing Mrs. Pelham went with a rush socially. That her aspirations were irregular was merely an eccentricity in one who bore the historic name of Pelham. That her costumes were at times startling as to color and design was put down complacently by her Canadian women friends to lack of judgment or her maid. Women will forgive much in a beautiful woman who dresses in egregious taste. And the fast-living, money-making, money-spending Winnipeggers of those days cared little or nothing for indiscriminately placed "his" in the conversation that came from ripe red lips to the accompaniment of brilliantly flashing dark eyes. And they weren't reading past histories at that time of boom and bustle.

To the few who were leisurely speculative as to other people's affairs, it was written in fairly large type that a scion



"His long, nervous fingers encircled her throat."

of one of England's noble houses had not been altogether out of fashion in marrying a barmaid or a chorus girl.

There was never any doubt about where Pelham could be placed, socially. Drunk, half drunk, or "jumpy," he was what the head waiter of the Selkirk, who had obtained his situation from the fact that he had been knife-boy at the Carlton in "dear old Lunnun," described as a "toff." He might reel precariously up the narrow staircase of the Knappin House seven nights a week, and require both his trembling hands to bear the absinthe from the bar to his quivering lips next morning, but there was no doubt that Pelham had a right to his name and whatever is generally supposed to go with centuries of gentle breeding.

"Hi know 'im. The West Hend is full of 'em," said the head waiter. "Younger sons of the nobility and gentry let run to seed. Get goin' on the drink. Chucked up by their friends and the only sympathy they meet with is from the barmaid who fixes up their B. and S. in the mornings. Then when the girl's got somethin' in her 'ead besides the fringe hover 'er hey she pines on 'is sense of honor. And he, mad at 'is friends and dead fond of 'er by this time, for sympathy works wonders on a man downed by 'is own flesh and blood, gets drinkin' 'arder and 'arder, and then one mornin' he wakes up and finds 'isself married. Hand then 'is friends wake up and talk about the disgrace to the family and give 'im £500 to go and settle in the colonies. An' 'ere 'e is. Sometimes they turns up hall right, and hagain they don't. It depends on the man."

Those of us who knew Pelham well began to fear that nothing could avert the impending shame and ruin that was hanging over the particular branch of the Pelham family located in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Pelham would play cards, and



"GENERAL," THE FINEST LION IN CAPTIVITY.
"General" is the chief attraction of the Clifton, Eng., Zoo.

he knew less about the mysteries of draw-poker than the knickerbockered child that answered the frequent bells for further refreshments in the card-room, and Mrs. Pelham would go out in any and all sorts of society that made Winnipeg the hot-bed of more scandal than had possessed a Canadian city since the withdrawal of British troops from inland Canada.

There was very little doubt about how it was all going to end, when one afternoon at the club a garrulous busybody, forgetting his usual cowardly discretion, grew sympathetic in his cups with Pelham about "the fashionable gaiety" of Pelham's wife. The boorish brute, angered by the air of haughty indifference of the man he pretended to sympathize with, went far and said with insulting directness:

"You won't be at that sleighing party to-night. Oh, no! Husbands not allowed. No, husbands not allowed. And the driving party gets scattered. Dave Binks, the big contractor, is getting it up. Lively time when Dave goes into society. He's no carpet knight. He plays for keeps. Still he's a good man to stand in with in this country. Get a pull with Dave and you're all right. I suppose Mrs. Pelham will be driving with him to-night. Get her to put a word in for you for a Government job. Dave has got a big pull with the Government."

Pelham didn't say anything. He left his untasted glass on the table and went out into the cold, crisp air of the Manitoba winter and walked beyond the town out to the broad prairies. His alcohol-sodden brain was on fire with maddening thoughts. Away over the featureless, dull white of the snow-covered plains he looked as if on the uninviting future of his own life. He turned and looked on the ill-shapen medley of buildings of those days called Winnipeg, as if on his own irregular past.

"But this—this—this—by—I this will never be! The name my mother bore will never—"

And as his wife was seated, arranging her hair preparatory to the evening's outing, he walked into her room.

"Oh! It's you, is it?" she said indifferently. "What brought you 'ome so early?"

"I came home to ask you not to go to that driving party to-night," he said quietly.

"My hey," she said with a contemptuous laugh, "you 'ave got a nerve, and you're sober as a judge, too. Of course I'm goin'."

"Whom are you going to drive with?"

"With Mr. Binks. 'E's got the best pair of 'osses in the province and won't I show them others their 'eels!"

Then Pelham told of the afternoon conversation in the club, and the strong, handsome face of his wife grew red—the dull red of anger.

"You certainly will not go now?" he concluded.

"Won't go! Won't I, though—"

And she said much more, said something in a language that since she had been a wife she had tried to forget. Pelham's face became deadly pale, and his eyes gleamed with burning fire. He strode quickly to her side as she reclined in the chair in untidy dishevelment. For two or three seconds his long, nervous fingers encircled her throat. They didn't press or pain her, but she felt their nervous, restrained force, and she saw with dilated eyes the stern look of concentrated determination in his face.



LANDING A BIG FISH.

The Disposal of Daisy.

STAINER was feeling extremely unhappy as he gazed at the pictures displayed at the opening exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. He knew nothing about art, he hated the chatter of feminine voices and he wished heartily that he was at home in his old clothes, smoking "infinite tobacco." He had been brought thither by his cousin, Daisy Merritt, and her mother, who did not see any sense in having a male relative and not making use of him. Suddenly Stainer's right hand clenched, and into his sleepy, grey eyes came a look which boded no good to the object of his gaze. For the first time in a fortnight he had caught sight of Lambert—Freddie Lambert—who had played him a scurvy trick in the matter of certain real estate transactions, and who had been so lost to decency as to boast of his acuteness. The worst of it was that Stainer had regarded Lambert as his own familiar friend, had camped with him on the Gaiety, and gone on a Western tour in his company without discovering that Lambert was, as the office-boy declared, "no sport." Lambert was not looking in the direction of the man whom he had "done up slick," but was apparently absorbed in admiration of the golden pompadour and infantile smile of a young lady who was saying with enthusiasm: "Aren't those roses perfectly dear?—and do look at that picture of the old mill."

As Stainer interpreted the expression on Lambert's face several thoughts came to him for the maiden with the golden pompadour was none other than his cousin, Daisy. Suddenly Lambert turned and an uneasy flush came into his cheeks as he encountered Stainer's glance. But the latter moved forward, and, much to his quondam friend's surprise, nodded curtly as he passed. Daisy turned to him with an air of proprietorship as he said "When do you think of going home?"

"Oh, not for half an hour yet," was her reply.

"I say, Stainer," said a familiar voice behind him as Daisy was lost in the crowd, "who's the pretty girl?"

"My cousin, Miss Merritt," said Stainer briefly, while to himself he added: "The nerve of the brute!"

"Will you introduce me?" continued the Brute.

"Excuse me," was the cold reply, "I see no reason why I should do so." Something resembling a grunt came from Lambert, who turned away with his jaw set in a fashion which meant discomfiture for some one. Ten minutes later Stainer felt a kind but firm hand on his arm, and looked into the anxious face of Mrs. Merritt. The lady was dressed in a grey gown trimmed with steel, which glittered in a sinister fashion as she walked, her grey hair was drawn severely back from a countenance whose nose of Roman cast and glittering *pince-nez* betokened a chaperon of no mild order and her whole appearance suggested the mother-in-law militant.

"Who is that with Daisy?" she asked abruptly. Stainer followed the levelled inquiry of the *pince-nez* and replied: "Freddie Lambert."

"What is his business?"

"Real estate."

"Is he a young man of means?"

"He's picked up a good deal lately."

"A friend of yours?"

"Not exactly."

"I hope he has no bad habits," said the lady apprehensively as she noticed how closely the sleek head of Mr. Lambert approached the red foliage in Daisy's new hat.

"There is hope for the worst of us," said her nephew with a queer smile.

"He doesn't look like a drinking man," said his elderly relative with an air of inspection.

"Oh, no. I dare say he'd be a domestic success." As Lambert approached with Miss Merritt, Stainer turned on his heel and walked away to examine the beauties of a small landscape, only to be interrupted somewhat later by his worthy aunt, in whose cheeks there was a slight flush as she said rather nervously:

"Harry, I think we'll be going now. Mr. Lambert wants to come with us, and as he is living out in Parkdale too, we won't trouble you to take us home. But come out on Sunday afternoon."

"Will Lambert be there?"

"Er—I thought we might ask him. He seems a very nice young man, and—you're sure that he's steady?" Stainer made haste to assure her that Lambert, although a man for whom he had no personal admiration, was possessed of those qualities considered desirable in a good citizen and in a caller at innocent homes, and then proceeded to stare in unfriendly manner at the approaching Lambert, who afterwards bore off Miss Merritt with the air of a successful Lochinvar.

The next Sunday afternoon was an unusually exciting occasion for the Merritts, who entertained their kinsman and their new acquaintance with the feeling that there was an unspoken hostility flavoring the cold tongue, chilling the tea and even casting a shadow over the chocolate cake. It must be admitted that Stainer was by far the more unmanly of the two guests, watching narrowly every word and gesture of the young man who sat on his left, and not offering him a second slice of the delectable cold tongue until urged to do so by his watchful aunt.

Some months later, Mrs. Merritt took her nephew into her confidence. "I don't know what to think of Mr. Lambert. He comes here three times a week and seems so devoted to Daisy. But he hasn't said a word yet, and, of course, it rather spoils a girl's chance to be seen too much with a certain young man unless he means something decided. If only my poor, dear James were living!" Stainer happened to know that the late Mr. Merritt, referred to as "poor dear James," had been sadly bullied in his lifetime and was enabled to meet death cheerfully.

"I know Lambert pretty well," he said quietly. "I think I can bring matters to a head."

"Nothing abrupt, you know, Harry. But I should just like him to see that we're not entirely unprotected."

"You may trust me," said Stainer with an air of confidence which sent Mrs. Merritt upstairs with a quiet heart.

The next time Lambert went out to the Merritt home he was surprised to find Stainer in the drawing-room, and still more surprised when the young man remained during the entire evening and accompanied him from the house.

"I want a word with you, Lambert."

"Half a dozen, if you like," returned the other flippantly.

"It's just this: You'd better drop this flirtation with my cousin. She's only jollying you along, anyway, and—"

"Do you mean to say," retorted Lambert angrily, "that it's any of your affair? Why, she's as good as engaged to me." Stainer chuckled.

"Oh, I know Daisy's friendly little ways. She's a thoroughly good sort, but she's never given you any real encouragement yet. She doesn't mean to flirt, but she can't help making herself agreeable. Daisy doesn't intend to marry just yet, and I hate to see you look like a fool, even if you got ahead of me about that real estate deal. You know a lot about the stock market, but you don't know anything about women."

Stainer smiled broadly when, a week later, he saw an ostentatious diamond on his fair cousin's hand; he smiled more broadly when he learned that "her mother was going to live with them," and he greeted the wedding invitation with absolute hilarity.

Stainer went west for a year, and the day after his return he met Lambert at the club and asked after the welfare of his aunt, the worthy Mrs. Merritt.

"I suppose she's all right," replied Lambert sulkily. "Confound it, Stainer! You bachelors are well off. Do you know, I would never have proposed to Daisy if I hadn't wanted to cut you out?"

"I know that," said Stainer, composedly.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Just this. I know my Cousin Daisy pretty thoroughly. We made mud pies together and my arm frequently bore traces of her pearly teeth. You thought I was 'dead easy' in the matter of that real estate deal, but I really think, Lambert—"

"What?" said the other man, rising hastily.

"The Governor of North Carolina once made an historic remark," laughed Stainer.

Even a modest young girl thinks it strange that a man doesn't understand all the queer clothes a woman wears.

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During the months of March, April and May, the Wabash will make sweeping reductions in the one-way colonist rates from Canada, to Texas, Old Mexico, California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, Utah, Washington, and British Columbia.

Also round-trip tickets on sale daily at greatly reduced rates to the South and West. There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is traveling over the Wabash System, the great winter tourist route to the South and West. For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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The commercials were telling tall stories with the object of drawing the representative of a United States firm, who sat quietly, merely gasping now and again. When, however, they got on to the speed of trains, the Yankee just had to join in.

"Oh, that's nothing; that's nothing at all!" he said, when several striking facts had been adduced. "Why, gentlemen, I assure you I was once traveling on an American railway, and on the trip we passed a field of cabbages, then a field of turnips, then a field of sheep. But we flashed past them so quickly that the hull lot looked just for all the world like an Irish stew!"

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Correspondence Column

The above column must accompany every correspondence sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column inquiries unless accompanied by response are not studied.

DOMBEY.—Your excellent letter was read with much interest. I do not quite share your idea of making yourself agreeable to your comrades, but no doubt it is taken in good part by them. You have sufficient caution not to carry the practice too far, and a firm, dominant, and tenacious purpose, tenacity being a moving power in your character. Perseverance, good sequence of ideas, care for detail, an easy and somewhat formal tone, love of tradition, and decided convictions, some personal pride, the faculty of acquiring and holding. It is the essence of the "grip" hand, that which clings to things, associations, beliefs and perhaps friendships and affectionate ties, though of this it isn't eloquent. You would enjoy the good things of life and take it easy if possible. There is nervous energy, some sensitiveness and rather an optimistic tone in your writing. You are sometimes an idealist, but generally decidedly practical.

BOURBONNAIS.—This is a very interesting study. Concentration, thought, and great individuality are shown. Writer would be likely to pass over many minor matters in eagerness of pursuit of some greater one. It is not a type that niggles at trifles, though it is carefully exact and accurate when necessary. There is love of power and exercise of the same in practical ways. The nature does not incline to theories, rather desires to dig deep than to skim over the surface of things. It may suffer periods of strong pessimism and would never be buoyant or volatile. Sometimes the thought is clearer than its expression with you. You are naturally frank and open, sometimes impatient, and, as I said, not very much given to duly consider small details. I am sorry time is so short for these delineations. I could give an hour to your writing without being overdone.

ENCLOSED BY DOMBEY.—Is it the artistic temperament that made you forget to sign any name? Your study treats of musical criticism among other things, and you say "June is my birth-month." "Dombey" likewise remarks, "I was born in February," both statements too vague to be of any interest or use to me. Your writing is capably endowed with power, imagination, energy and the signs of the conquering "heroine." It is not well balanced, loops too big and diffusive, and lines not clear and graceful in them. See how you wobble in the loops of your letters sometimes, and you will realize the instability of some of your decisions and impulses. Some of them are consistent, harmonious, and elegant. The touch of taste is quite visible. The brightness of your mind is plainly indicated, and a quick, flashing perception and probably animated and pleasing manner. The judgment is keen and the critical faculties merciless. There is no disposition to make the best of inferior things or efforts, rather to exact very high accomplishment. The work done is generally done to the very best of your ability, and of that a generous dower shows in your writing.

RAE.—That bicycle ride on the lake from Barrie to Orillia is something new for devotees of the wheel. The nearest I have come to it was a journey of some sixteen miles or so from opposite Merville to Downpatrick in Antrim, along the beach when the tide was low. That was a great ride, chasing the gulls over the hard, golden, sandy beach. Your writing is very promising, but yet immature. You have the qualities of care and conscientiousness and caution well marked, and are adaptable, good-tempered, slightly sentimental, and lacking the firmness, decision and alertness which will come with time. You are sensible, have good, clear sequence of ideas, are observant, reliable and honest. It should develop into a very worthy and fine character. Don't be afraid to tackle new subjects of thought and study.

K. E. M.—September 24 brings you under Libra, but you will still find Virgo's power over you at times, perhaps beneficially—who knows? You have the Libra temperament all right, but not yet poised and settled. Your lines are full of erratic impulse and overflowing energies, with vagrant thought and uncurbed imagination. Did you think your flourishes could ever mean so many wonderful things? Strong affections, ambition, and great buoyancy, with some tenacity, are shown. Generosity, rather a saving caution in action, but great frankness of expression are indicated. Tact, sympathy, love of beauty, and some love of display are suggested. You would certainly find congenial work where enterprise, gift of the gab, and persuasive power are needed.

MARIUS.—Great sense of honor, honesty and self-respect, with taste, sympathy, imagination and exactness are shown. You are a good specimen of Aries development, with its domineering and interfering traits quite eliminated. Tact, a quality Aries always claims, and seldom possesses, is one of your strong points. There is imagination, taste for occultism, grace of mental attitude, some sentiment and disposition to respond to emotional appeals, tempered by caution, discretion, and good taste. You are very neat, orderly and appreciative of refined and correct surroundings.

ELIA.—Now you set me a hard ques-

tion. What to do in regard to a mixed marriage? Well, my dear, it all depends upon the tone of each party. If you think religion more important than love, and if you are both staunch Christians in your own way, I should fancy it would be a cat and dog life, you'd lead. But if you are broad-minded, primitive, and sensible enough to go back of the creeds, and realize them as excrescences on the face of nature, you will probably get along beautifully. It is a narrow nature, indeed, that does not see that the important thing is, back of all dogma and bondage, that we "love one another." Why should you leave your own "faith" as you call it? You probably believe all the Presbyterian Church teaches, the foundation of which teaching is love to God, one's neighbor and oneself, the Trinity in unity of the undogmatic. If you and he wear starched collars or cut-paper ones, what difference on earth can it make except to a very shallow nature? Shallow natures cling to creed. Now go along with you and be sensible and happy. Don't ever mention creed in your home. You can live beautifully and purely without it, I can assure you, and God, above and below all creeds, will bless you.

DR. LUKE.—Just a look at you, my trusty friend. Yes, I've found another. It is called *The Lure of the Labrador*, by Wallace, and is a most matter-of-fact account of a trip from Boston, I believe, by a party of explorers, their ways and means, and all the details of their trip to the dread North land. I've not seen the book, but Billy says it's well worth while, and I'm after it this very day. I answer you out of your turn, but I want you to have the *Lure of the Labrador* for plentiful study before you get ready for your trip next June.

JUNIOR.—"Lady Gay" can't tell fortunes. Your letter is the acme of foolishness and gives me a pain. Why a girl can be so fair (as you describe her) and such a mimic (as you confess her) is one of the questions that exasperate all of us. The book for which you inquire is by Henri Murger. It is called *La vie de Bohème*, and has been translated. Trilby is a British re-hash of it, but has none of its consummate sparkle and charm. If I were you, I should apply myself to three things: copy books, spelling books, and "complete letter writers." This is not being nasty, but being your friend, my foolish one. You are almost enough to break up the Correspondence Column.

P. K.—The usher goes first, then the ladies of the party. If no usher, the gentleman, of course, goes first. I should say your friend was right. However, an English lady is directly opposite, both in restaurants and theaters. In the States, the woman is more aggressive and independent.



GROUND FOR OBJECTION.

Lady.—Well, I think you'll suit me; and I don't suppose you'll object to sleeping on the ground floor?

Bush Girl.—I dunno. The last time I slept on it—lived in a tent we was—I caught me death or cold.

Peculiar Pets of Sovereigns.

THE stories of the young King of Spain and his pet monkeys, which have been going the round of the press lately, remind one that Alfonso XIII. has had many kingly predecessors who have exalted the ape into a court favorite.

Peter the Great had a marked weakness for monkeys, which were privileged to take the strangest liberties with him, to the extent of running away with his hat and pulling the Imperial nose. While the royal shipwright was staying in England, William III. paid "a visit to his lodgings in York Buildings, in which an odd incident happened. The Car had his monkey, which sat upon the back of his chair," Lord Dartmouth wrote, "and as soon as the King sat down the monkey jumped upon him in some wrath, which discomposed the whole ceremonial, and most of the time was spent afterwards in apologies for the monkey's behavior." So disconsolate was Peter when this particular simian favorite died that he was inconsolable for weeks and refused to speak to anyone.

Before Frederick the Great came to his throne, and even for a short time after his accession, he was devoted to his band of trained monkeys, which he used to dress in the most grotesque costumes and style his courtiers. They squatted on his shoulders, shared his meals, and followed him like so many dogs. Henry III. of France, too, included monkeys in that motley menagerie of his which accompanied him, in a wagon drawn by half-a-dozen mules, on many of his royal journeys.

"The litter," Dumas wrote, "contained Henry, his physician, his chaplain, the jester, four of the King's minions, a couple of huge hounds, and a basketful of puppies, which rested on the King's knees, but which was upheld from his neck by a gold chain. From the roof hung a gilded cage in which there were white turtle-doves, the plumage of their necks marked by a sable circlet of feathers. Occasionally two or three apes were to be seen in this 'Noah's Ark,' as it was called."

Among the many pets of Queen Marie Louise of Spain were two parrots which talked French with singular fluency, much to the annoyance of certain of her court ladies, who were sworn enemies of all things French. One day one of these ladies, the Duchess of Terra Nueva, took advantage of her royal mistress' absence to wring the parrots' necks. When the Queen on her return learnt the fate of her beloved parrots her "rage was terrible to witness." An opportunity for revenge, however, soon presented itself, for, when the guilty duchess shortly presented herself to kiss the Queen's hand, Her Majesty gave her several resounding smacks on the face in the presence of the whole Court—a feminine retaliation which, probably, to a certain extent compensated for the loss of her favorites.

Queen Mary of England, in spite of her reputation for cruelty, was a very devoted lover of birds and animals, and was never happier than when surrounded by her pets. Chief among her favorites was a white lark, for which she paid threepence to the woodman of Hampton Court, and which would perch on one of his mistress' fingers and "pour out his little soul in song." But the lark had dangerous rivals in the royal affection, the most formidable of which was an alligator, which his mistress fed daily from her own hand.

James I. had a wide range of animal favorites, which included an elephant, five camels, a fawn, a white gyrfalcon, and birds and dogs innumerable. Queen Elizabeth's affection was divided between her dogs, singing-birds, and monkeys; and the Merry Monarch was such a bird-lover that he lined the road on the south side of St. James' Park, since known as Birdcage Walk, with aviaries for his feathered pets, which he fed daily, while he was almost equally devoted to the tame ducks in the park, which afforded him infinite amusement.

The Woman Unshamed.

Some suburbanites, while guests at the house of a mutual friend, got to talking about burglaries. Mrs. Dare told about hearing a noise down-stairs about 2 in the morning, and of how she crept softly across the hallway into Mr. Dare's room and aroused him, and of the ultimate rout of the thief, who left his pocketful of plunder on the dining-room table.

Then Mrs. Ware told how she was awakened by a noise at the sash of her bedroom window, how she hurried up one flight to Mr. Ware's apartment and got him up, and of the brave capture of the burglar by Mr. Ware, who held him until the arrival of the police.

Mrs. Tare's firm jaws were set and her eyes had a strange light in them as she told her simple story. She related how she was awakened in the dead of the night by a cold wind blowing up the staircase through the front door; which she knew she had locked. With an abundance of detail she explained how she raised herself on her elbow and punched Jim, who was a sound sleeper, in the back to awaken him. She was so afraid he would tell her to quit fooling or grumble so loudly that the thief would know the folks up stairs were aroused. And that, she added, was just what did happen.

"I don't see why you talked so much about the way you jolted me in bed to get me awake," protested Jim on their way home.

"I did it," snapped Mrs. Tare, "just to let those two other women know that I am not ashamed to sleep in the same bed with my husband."

Mrs. Hatterson—I didn't see you at the lecture on *The Simple Life*. Mrs. Catterson—Why, no; I had no idea it was going to be such a swell affair.

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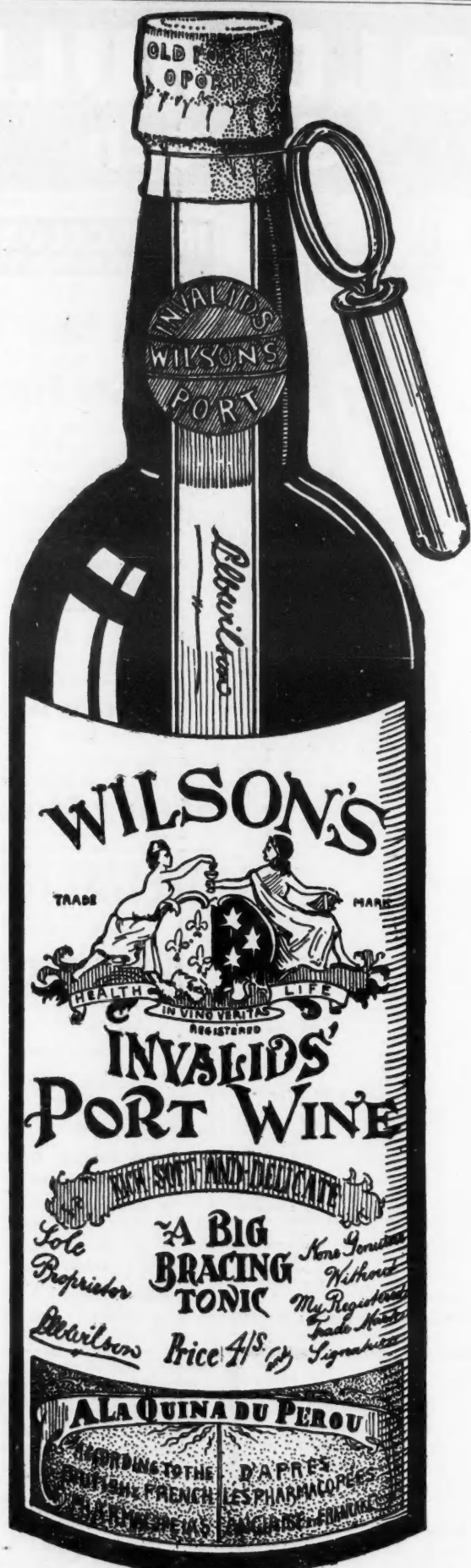


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The Great Bullion Robbery.

HERE is precious little "honor" among thieves existing in actual fact. From the nature of his occupation the moral nature of a thief becomes blunted, and this has sometimes awkward troubles for his accomplices.

The treachery of one thief to another is well illustrated in the great bullion robbery case in England. It was one of the most cleverly planned robberies of modern days, one which completely baffled the detectives, and one which might have remained a mystery for ever had not one of the thieves set himself in the meanest fashion to rob a comrade.

One day in May, 1857, a four-wheeled cab arrived at the South-Eastern Railway Company's station at London Bridge, and a couple of clerks alighted from it, and began to carry into the station three small square heavy wooden boxes, iron-hooped, nailed and sealed. The boxes contained gold in bars, and American gold coin, and were being transmitted by Messrs. Bult and Spielman, of London, to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne.

The boxes were received by the railway company's officials, and having been duly weighed, were placed in an iron safe in the guard's van in the Folkestone train. They duly arrived at Boulogne, were weighed, and forwarded thence to Paris. When they were received there and the weighing operation was repeated, it was found that the weight, while it agreed with that at Boulogne, differed somewhat from the Folkestone statement. Suspicion being aroused, the boxes were opened, and the mystery of the difference was quickly solved. The gold had been abstracted from two of the boxes, and in its stead the astonished officials found only what is known as "sporting shot." From the third box a considerable amount had been taken. The thieves found it impossible to carry more away.

Every effort on the part of Scotland Yard to discover the perpetrators of the crime was unsuccessful. Somewhere between London and Folkestone fifteen thousand pounds' worth of gold had been so artfully purloined that the thieves had left no clue which would justify an arrest.

Six months later, in October of the same year, a man named Agar was placed in the dock at the Old Bailey, charged with uttering forged cheques, and was sentenced to be transported for life. As may be imagined, from the severity of the sentence, Agar was regarded as a remarkably dangerous criminal.

He was a comparatively young man, and as sentence was passed upon him a fearful shriek rang through the court, and a girl who had sat in one of the galleries fell forward fainting. It was noted at the time by those in court how Agar, who had borne everything hitherto unmoved, darted a glance of horror and despair in the direction of that cry, and how he grasped the dock-front to steady himself. The girl was the woman Agar loved, the woman who had anxiously hoped, in spite of all the damning evidence against him, to take him home, to where their child was waiting.

Agar was at the time of his conviction possessed of considerable property, and after his sentence he made this over to a friend named Pierce, who promised him most solemnly that he would devote it to the maintenance of his child and her mother.

The friend was not true to his trust. Agar swallowed up in his living grave, Pierce thought he saw his opportunity. For a short time he took the woman and her child under his care, giving them lodging with his wife and himself in his little house in the Hampstead road; but he at length thrust them out, and refused to provide for them further. He turned a deaf ear to all the distracted girl's appeals for help. Agar safely away, Pierce saw no reason why he should not himself enjoy the wealth entrusted to him.

Men in prison often learn a good deal more about the outside world than people imagine. Events which concern them penetrate even those grim walls, and Agar heard that the only beings he loved on earth were starving.

He promptly demanded an interview with the governor, and confessed that it was he who had planned the great bullion robbery. He declared that Pierce was an accomplice, and proceeded to tell every detail of the crime. Besides himself and Pierce, two other men—Burgess, the guard of the train, and Tester, a clerk in the traffic department of the railway—were, he stated, implicated in the robbery. The three were arrested and brought up for trial.

Agar was one of the most self-possessed witnesses that ever occupied the box of the Old Bailey. His bearing was perfect. The appearance of a witness, clad in convict's clothes and close-cropped hair—in those days convicts had not the privilege which the greater humanity of the present day allows them of appearing in their ordinary clothes—is not calculated to excite one's confidence. By his own confession a master of crime, and one who had devoted himself to it assiduously all his life, he gave his evidence in a manner which carried the conviction of truth. He appealed to corroborative facts which left no possibility of doubt.

When they had first met, Pierce had quitted the service of the railway company, and had secured a post as clerk in a betting office. Agar, having acquired some pounds, was seeking to increase them by backing horses.

"I know a better game than backing horses in races," Pierce remarked to Agar one day, "something much better."

Agar wanted to know what it was, and Pierce suggested robbing the treasure-safe in the Continental train.

"It would be a magnificent thing if we could bring it off," said Agar thoughtfully. "I dare say it could be managed. Tell me all about it, and I will see if we can overcome the difficulties."

They were such as might have discouraged any criminal save one of the most daring and patient. Agar possessed both these qualifications, but for a while even he did not see his way to the coup. Pierce declared that he could get Burgess, the guard of the train, as an accomplice. But how were they even then to open the safe in the guard's van? Burgess having agreed to become a confederate, Agar began to take trial trips to the Continent to make himself familiar with every detail.

It would be impossible, he feared, to break open the safe, which was secured by two of the famous Chubb locks, each needing a separate key, neither of which was ever entrusted to Burgess. They were kept at London Bridge, and there were duplicates at the Folkestone office, and for several months Agar hovered between these stations, but every plan he devised to obtain possession of the keys proved a failure. He decided at last that they must seek an accomplice in the railway office itself.

The clerk Tester was approached and agreed to join the scoundrels. The work he had to do was watch his opportunity and take an impression of the safe keys in a piece of wax, with which Agar supplied him. For some weeks the thieves waited impatiently. At last the impressions were obtained, and Agar set to work in a little back room at his villa at Shepherd's Bush manufacturing the keys.

He declared in court that he had never made keys before, and had to take lessons from a locksmith to learn how to accomplish his task.

"When I had finished them I wondered whether they would do," he went on. "So I arranged with Burgess to slip into his van sometimes while it was going up and down between London and Folkestone in order to try them on the safes."

"Why did you take that trouble?" asked the counsel for the prosecution. "Why did you not get Burgess to try them for you?"

Agar shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"I had no opinion of Burgess' cleverness," he replied, "and I have always made it a rule never to trust to anyone else when one can do a thing oneself."

At last the keys were perfect, and the only thing now was to wait for treasure to be sent down. It had taken the accomplices over eighteen months to perfect their plans!

Day by day Agar hovered about the railway station, waiting for the signal from Burgess that bullion was being carried. At last, on that May day, the time arrived. Watching far off outside the station, Agar saw Burgess emerge from it and stand for a moment wiping his face with his handkerchief. It was the signal agreed upon!

Tester was already in a first-class carriage, and Pierce was also in the express. At the last moment Agar slipped into the van and was hastily concealed by Burgess under some mail-bags, the train glided out of the station, the thief emerged from his hiding-place, and, with the sang froid of an old hand, set to work. The keys fitted to perfection, and lifting out the treasure-boxes, Agar tackled them one by one.

The three men had provided themselves with capacious courier-bags, and in these he had placed the shot he had bought. The gold was taken out of the boxes, and the shot poured in to take its place, the precious metal being transferred to the bags. With deft fingers Agar worked away, carefully untying the cord round the boxes, forcing up the nailed lids so as to leave no mark on them, emptying the boxes, nailing down the lids once more, and affixing with the aid of a taper he had brought, a fresh seal with some wax of the proper color.

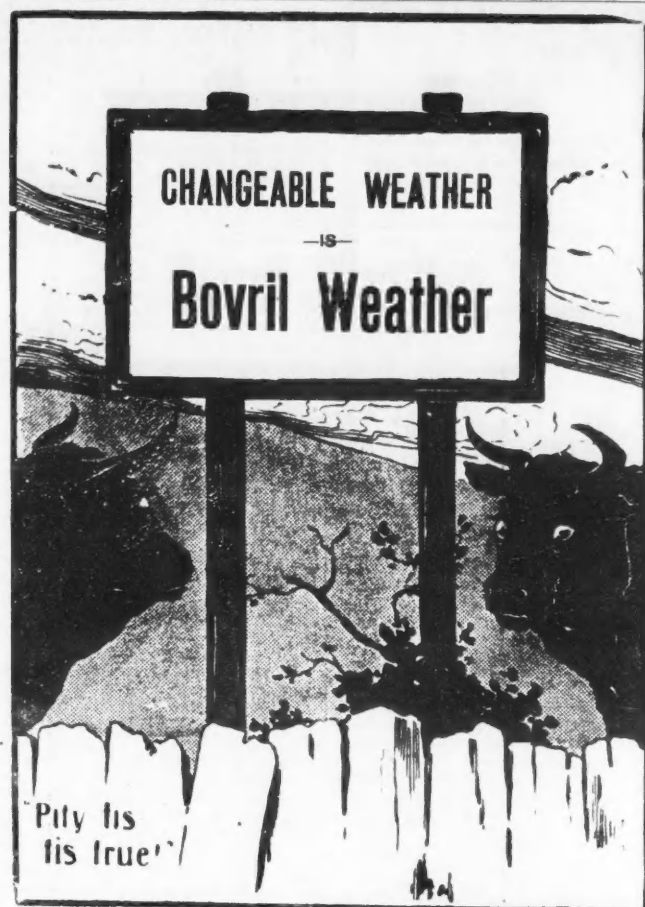
At Folkestone the officials whose duty it was to receive the safe entered the van, and Agar, concealed under the mail-bags, watched them stagger away with it. The thieves went on to Dover, and from there doubled back to London with their precious booty.

In that back room once more in Agar's little villa at Shepherd's Bush there was strange work going on which sadly puzzled the mistress of the house. Agar locked himself in the chamber, and Burgess, Pierce, and Tester, frequently calling on him, were cautiously admitted. Judging by the roaring of the fire, they were engaged in some very hot work.

As a matter of fact, Agar was melting down the gold in a crucible, and converting it into ingots that could not be identified. As the ingots were finished, they were disposed of, and the thieves, meeting at the villa, spent their evenings together dividing the booty and refreshing themselves, in that mysterious room, with meat and drink, discussing the futile efforts of the police to solve the crime they had perpetrated.

Each of the thieves had netted something like £3,500 by the robbery. Agar invested his part of the spoil in Turkish bonds for the benefit of his child and his mother, and began once more to look around him for fresh employment. With some associates he devised an ingenious method of forging cheques. But his previous luck deserted him. He was arrested, and condemned, as I have described, to transportation for life.

"I should never have spoken," he declared, as he gave his evidence, "if that scoundrel"—he turned, trembling with



passion and his eyes flashing, and pointed to Pierce in the dock—"had not tried to cheat poor Fanny and the child."

Burgess and Tester were sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. An ingenious plea raised in favor of Pierce caused him to escape with only two years' imprisonment—the longest sentence, the judge regretted, that could be passed on him.

Just as Well.

The artist painted a picture—a study of reptile life—And, proud of his work, he took it in to show the snake to his wife. Looking it over, she tried to guess the subject he'd done with vim; But, "I can't make head or tail of it, dear," frankly she said to him.

"Head or tail?" he repeated. "Neither of these you can see? It's evident, then, I haven't done well—for that's all a snake should be." Whereon he turned it sideways, and putting in shadows grey, He named it again, "The Country Road," and sold it the very next day. JACK APPLETON.



"Oh, Willie, I just love dis weather!" "You do?" "Yes. You're always more devoted to me on rainy days when you can't play with the boys!"

The Odious Opium Traffic.

They are still restless in England over the course of the British Government in licensing the opium traffic, and even imposing it on China. Provision for continuing it has been incorporated in the new treaty, while England also arranges for a supply from India. At a recent meeting held in London to oppose the traffic, Sir Joseph Pease, B. P., pointed out that those who deemed the opium trade immoral and antagonistic to the principles of true Christianity had had to fight the Indian Government. The trade, he said, was maintained on the most false of all moral arguments, viz., that if they did not do it some one else would. Moral retribution, he declared, was as certain as the sunrise, and it had come to China with a vengeance. The Chinese, in consequence of the opium trade, looked on the British missionaries and religion as shams. India, with more economical management, he insisted, could dispense with the paltry revenue of \$13,000,000 a year derived from the opium trade.

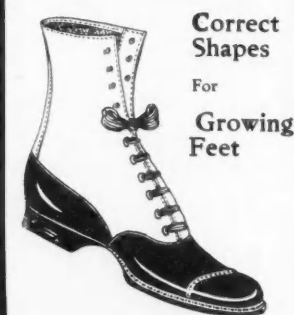
News Item.

"Dr. Bradbury, the well-known lecturer, delivered a lecture here last night on Lunacy and Lunatics. There were many present."

"Has your wife complained very long?" asked the doctor. "Ever since we were married," replied Meekly, sadly.

Johnny—Pa, is it wrong to steal from a trust? Johnny's pa—Don't let the question bother you any, my son. It's impossible.

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Anecdotal

A Virginia Representative in Congress says that two ladies in Richmond with whom he is well acquainted were one day discussing the relative longevity of the members of their respective families. "I have no doubt," said one of the ladies, "that everything considered, we Blacks are the most notable family in Virginia when it comes to a question of longevity. Do you know, my father died at 89; while my grandfather reached the advanced age of 97." "Is that so?" queried the other lady. "And which grandfather was that?" "Oh," replied the first speaker, "that was the grandfather by my first husband."

"I've got a dark-blue pane," said the man who entered the office of the specialist, and I—"Sit down a moment," said the doctor. He busied himself at his desk for a while, then turned and asked, "A dark-blue pane? Um—ah—ummmmm! Where is it?" "Under my arm, sir," "Um—ah—ummmmm." A dark-blue pane under your arm. Just so. Quit eating meat, smoke but one cigar a day, go to bed at 7 p.m. and get up at 4 a.m., ride a horse for two hours every morning, and on no account subject yourself to any excitement. Ten dollars, please. "Say, doctor," said the stranger, "I guess you don't understand me. I've got that dark-blue pane of glass you ordered put in the window of your operating-room." And he indicated the package he was carrying carefully under his arm.

Senator W. A. Elsberg was talking in the Capital at Albany about a certain legislative defeat. "They took their defeat with resignation," he said. "It was, you see, softened and made palatable for them. I believe in that. I believe in tempering victory with mercy always." Senator Elsberg smiled. "I admire heartily," he said, "the kindness of the Troy girl who refused the civil engineer's offer of marriage. The engineer, on being refused, groaned aloud. 'Martha,' he said, 'make it easier for me to bear.' He opened and shut his mouth convulsively. Great beads stood on his brow. His features were distorted with anguish. He gnawed his moustache. 'Can't you, Martha,' he groaned, 'can't you make it easier for me?' Yes, George," said the woman, "I snore dreadfully."

Anson Phelps Stokes, jr., the millionaire secretary of Yale, takes a profound interest in children. Walking with an undergraduate he said the other day: "Children should be modest, shy, quiet. That type of child is apt to turn out better in the end than the clever, talkative, precocious type. It is apt to have a broader, nobler mind. The talkative and precocious type is apt to be shallow. For my part I should hesitate to promise much for the future of so precocious a youngster as one in Quincy Adams that I heard of last week. This Quincy Adams child a little girl of seven or eight years, stood one day before a closed gate. A gentleman passed slowly. The little girl turned and said to him, 'Will you please open this gate for me?' The gentleman did so. Then he said kindly: 'Why, my child, could you not open the gate for yourself?' 'Because,' said the little girl, 'the paint is not dry yet. Look at your hands!'"

An English nobleman was once present at a church service when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round, and the Duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the edge of the pew desk before him ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too

much for His Grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His Grace quickly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the Duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at that moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly towards his rival as if he would say: "I think that takes the shine out of you." The Duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket.

"A charity machine," said the sailor, "stands in front of the house of Edison Murphy of Croydon. Any tramp that comes along can get a cent out of the machine. The tramps don't believe their eyes at first. They stand and look at the charity machine in a knowing way. They say to themselves that they ain't green, and it's no use tryin' to do them. But there the big, cast-iron instrument stands, and it states plain and direct on the dial of it that any poor person, if he turns the handle a hundred times, will receive a penny out of the slot. So the tramp gives it a trial. He starts to turn the handle, counting carefully, so as not to go over the hundred, for the handle works pretty stiff. He turns with the right hand a while. Then he turns with the left hand. At fifty he stops to rest, and with a grunt he wipes the beads from his brow. Finally out drops a cent. The tramp grins. He thinks he'll turn ten hundred times, and get ten cents for two beers. He is pretty tired, though, by the time he's turned five hundred times, and, besides, the morning is pretty well gone now. So he stops at the five hundred. He goes off with five coppers, rubbin' his arms. His arms'll be stiff next day. Hard-earned coppers! Edison Murphy calls his invention a charity machine, but there's not much charity about it. Edison gets out of the machine enough electrical power to light his house, pump his water, and run his freight elevator, and all it costs him is twenty or thirty cents a day that goes into the pockets of poor deluded tramps."

William A. Pinkerton, the noted detective, was talking about the ruses and tricks of thieves. "Always," he said, "some new thieves' trick is turning up. From one of my agents in Paris I heard the other day of a new trick that made me laugh. The agent said that a Frenchman attended one night the Comedie Francaise, and after the performance he took a gloomy by-way in order to make a short cut to the Boulevard Montmartre. He noticed, as he has been told through the dark, a slight tug on his coat-tail, but to this he paid no attention. When he reached the bright boulevard, however, he found to his great mortification that one tail of his claw-hammer coat had been cut off. He notified a journalist of the loss, and the next morning an account of the odd theft appeared in the *Figaro*. That afternoon a man in a blue uniform called on him. 'I come, monsieur,' the man said, 'from the bureau of police. We have captured a suspicious character who had in his pocket a piece of fine black cloth. Let me have your mutilated coat, sir. If the piece of cloth fits it, we will know that we have apprehended the man who robbed you.' The other surrendered his coat, and from that day to this he heard no more about it. The pretended official was, of course, the thief who had adopted that audacious means of getting the coat in order to attach to it the purloined tail."

Bernard Shaw's Political-Social Satire, "John Bull's Other Island"

In Germany, and on the Continent generally, Mr. George Bernard Shaw is now more and more discussed as one of the most remarkable and considerable of English playwrights. In England, however, he is still treated as a brilliant and paradoxical person who takes no one and nothing seriously. His latest comedy, *John Bull's Other Island*, had six performances at the London Court Theatre at special matinees. The critics pronounced it one of his cleverest and most bewildering bits of dramatic fooling, one of them remarking that it must have been Mr. Shaw's intention to flout fantastically and impartially every proposed and conceivable solution of the Irish question. All agreed that it willfully and perversely violated every rule of construction and development observed, not without success, by Mr. Shaw himself in other plays.

The plot is thin and slight, and may be briefly indicated as follows: Broadbent, a typical Englishman, and Larry Doyle, an anglicized Irishman, are engineers and partners in business in London. Broadbent is a political radical, who lives on shilliboleths and is an ardent reformer and humanitarian, with a wonderful capacity for misunderstanding men and facts. He is a champion of the oppressed Irish, whom he does not know in the least.

He decides to study the Irish question "on the ground," and persuades his partner, a man without illusions or shams, to set out for the Emerald Isle with him. Larry goes without the slightest faith in the undertaking. They arrive, and go to a village, Roscullen, where they get into "touch" with many native types—a peasant superstitious enough to be a pagan; an unfringed priest named Keegan, supposed to be insane, but who is only a mystic; the parish priest, as superstitious as the peasant, though in a different way, and so on.

Broadbent meets a Miss Nora, an old sweetheart of Larry's, who has not lost her love for that cynical individual. He falls in love with her, but the girl laughs at him. Next day, Larry having refused

to stand for Parliament for that district, Broadbent is induced to present himself as a candidate. He gladly consents, and begins to make stump speeches on home rule, land and church affairs that excite the amusement of the natives, who fool him in a hundred different ways without his suspecting the least incongruity in his position.

To increase his popularity, Broadbent offers to take a farmer's pig home on a motor-car. Unfortunately, the automobile runs over the pig, and, in addition, knocks the window out of the village china shop. The grave Englishman, unabashed, continues his queer campaign, and the situation grows more and more farcical.

He makes love to Nora, in spite of his rebuff, and finally she accepts him, having satisfied herself that Larry had ceased to care for her. The villagers accept him in a political sense, and after many comical debates and incidents Broadbent announces that he will build a big hotel in the village, restore the old tower, and lay out golf links.

There are innumerable "Shawisms" in the piece, and the digs at the Irish are as plentiful as those at John Bull. The critic to whom *Man and Superman* was dedicated, Mr. Walkey, wrote about the play in the *London Times*:

"It's all rot," says Broadbent, the Englishman, of some speech by his Irish friend, Larry Doyle, 'it's all rot, but it's so brilliant, you know.' Here, no doubt, Mr. Shaw is slyly taking a side glance at the usual English verdict on his own works. That verdict will need some slight modification in the case of *John Bull's Other Island*. For, in the first place, the play is not all rot. Further, it has some other qualities than mere brilliancy. It is at once a delight and a disappointment. It delights us by its policy of pin-pricks. Mr. Shaw takes up the empty bladders of life, the current commodes, the cant phrases, the hollow conventions, and the sham sentiments, and quietly inserts his pin; and the thing collapses with a pop. Occasionally, he indulges in fiercer onslaughts with more formidable weapons. Like Johnson, after a certain conversation described by Garrick, he has 'tossed and gored several persons.' The play delights us, again, by its able dialectic. Its interlocutors never shirk a point or swerve from it; every side gets a fair hearing, and though, in the end, all parties are dismissed with costs, we have a conviction that justice has been done."

The President Earns His Salary.

JUDGING from Jackson Tinker's article in *Public Opinion*, March 4, the President of the United States is fully worthy of his hire. This is the tale of one afternoon hour: "Returning to his executive office at 3 o'clock, the President finds that his secretary, Mr. Loeb, has been playing the buffer, trying to keep down the number of waiting ones who 'must' see the President. Between 3 and 4 o'clock, or 4.30, the President sees a dozen or twenty more callers, each with a special plea or idea. Piled high on his desk are public documents demanding his signature, and he signs as he talks. No public man is so thoroughly swamped with visitors. They have become the bane of his daily work. They encroach upon executive business to such an extent that both the President and Mr. Loeb are in a quandary how to get time to attend to their important duties. There are on an average from 100 to 150 callers at the executive offices every day. At least 50 per cent. of them are disposed of by Mr. Loeb, while the others consume the President's time in 'paying their respects,' consulting him about trivial matters, although some are office-holders from various points who have executive business with him.

"One of President Roosevelt's characteristics, of which few are cognizant, is that like many other literary men, he prefers to do his 'heavy' work at night. All his state papers, his messages, and his public speeches are dictated at night, usually after 9 o'clock, in his library in the White House. The executive staff of the President's office consists of forty men, including secretaries, clerks, messengers, and the telegraph operators. He keeps them all busy. No other President ever had such a large correspondence, for the people seem to regard Mr. Roosevelt as peculiarly their own, and they address him on every conceivable subject. The President tries to reply to all such letters, but it takes time and patience.

"At 4 o'clock, or as soon thereafter as possible, the President leaves his office for his daily exercise. In this he has no regular schedule or course, despite reports to the contrary. In fact, he behaves in varying physical exercise, and so on day he is off for a long walk, wearing no overcoat even in the coldest weather, or for a horseback ride, or a tennis game or boxing bout with a friend. Secret service men are expected to accompany him at all times, but often he causes scurrying on their part, when they learn he has left the White House for a brisk walk, or a car ride to some out-of-the-way place."

A Long Walk.

The dear old professor was one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, but he was also one of the most absent-minded.

He was recently visiting his newly-married nephew, and, naturally, the young wife was full of the praises of her first-born.

The professor listened like a man in a dream to her recital of the remarkable fortitude with which he cut his teeth and his truly wonderful intelligence.

At last the dear old fellow woke up with a start, and felt he really must say something for the sake of at any rate appearing interested.

"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired mildly.

"Walk?" said the proud mother. "Why, he has been walking six months!" "Dear me!" said the professor, lapsing once more into abstraction. "What a long way he must have got!"

How Far May Lawyers Go in Their Clients' Causes?

AWYERS have always been jealous of their professional honor, and are quick to resent slurs upon it. Yet the State Bar Association of New York has exposed itself to much criticism by sustaining a judge who is accused of putting some of his relatives into sinecures where they drew pay, although they rendered no work. What has done much more than this to injure the profession, however, is the complexity of acute and learned lawyers, of high standing, in the great grabs of franchises and other privileges committed by trusts and corporations. Lawyers have taught the corporations how to evade and override the laws. They have supplied brains for huge agglomerations of greedy capital. That is their most conspicuous sin in this day, and is the root of that deplorable commercialism which now infects the profession.

One may criticize the bar freely nowadays, but it was not always so; at least, not in England. Disraeli once came to grief for some remarks he made about lawyers. In a contested election case to which he was not a party a certain barrister, quite extraneously to anything in the record, asserted that Mr. Disraeli had bought votes and, when the votes were delivered, had failed to pay. This charge enraged Disraeli, not unnaturally, and he promptly sent this letter to all the London newspapers: "Sir,—I am informed that it is quite useless, and even unreasonable, in me to expect from Mr. Austin any satisfaction for these impertinent calumnies, because Mr. Austin is a member of an honorable profession, the first principle of whose practice appears to be that they may say anything, provided they be paid for it. The privilege of circulating falsehood with impunity is delicately described as doing your duty toward your client, which appears to be a very different process to doing your duty toward your neighbor. This may be the usage of Mr. Austin's profession, and it may be the custom of society to submit to its practice, but, for my part, it appears to me to be nothing better than a disgusting and intolerable tyranny, and I, for one, shall not bow to it in silence."

For this letter he was brought to the bar on a charge of contempt of court; the theory being that an insult to the barristers, who were officers of the court, was an insult to the court. He made a very clever speech in his own behalf, contending that he was the victim of a legal fiction, and was prosecuted not so much for an offence against the law as for an offence against the lawyers, and in conclusion, as a plea for clemency, he read the famous definition of a lawyer's duty to his client, written by Lord Brougham, who had been the Lord Chancellor. "An advocate," said Brougham, "by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows in the discharge of his duty but one person in the world—that client and none other. To save that client by all expedient means, and to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the sufferings, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other. In the spirit of duty he must go on, reckless even if his fate should be unhappy to involve his country in confusion."

The lawyers universally quarrel with this definition, but some very eminent corporation counsel appear to follow it as a precept though they condemn it as a doctrine.

The New School.

Loud and angry voices were heard in the room above. A woman's piercing scream smote the air. Thump, thump! Heartbreaking sobs broke upon the ears of the horrified listeners.

With one accord they rushed up the staircase and burst open the door of the room from which the sounds proceeded. A lady with dishevelled hair, torn and dust-covered clothing, and eyes red with weeping, stood in the middle of the room. A man with coat off, sleeves rolled up, his eyeballs rolling in frenzy, confronted the intruders.

"What do you want here?" he demanded.

"We are here in the interests of humanity," sternly answered one of them. "You are brutally mistreating this lady."

"Am I?" he said, turning to her.

"No-o," she said, "you are not. Gentlemen, he—he is teaching me how to express the—the natural emotions. This is a school of dramatic art."

And the avengers slunk out of the door, and went slowly down the stairway.

Gerald—I hope the watch I gave you for your birthday will always remind you of the giver. Geraldine—It certainly will; it looks all right, but it won't go.

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Y SAYE, the great Belgian violinist, made what was announced to be his farewell appearance at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week. Considering the reputation and the popularity of the soloist, there was not a large audience, the attendance in fact showing a falling off as compared with that at his earlier concert this season. His programme was a heavy one in regard to length, including the whole of the Mendelssohn Concerto, the whole of the Grieg duo Sonata in C minor, Wieniawski's fantasia on *Faust*, three *genre* pieces, and, as an encore number, an arrangement of his own of the familiar Bach aria in C. Ysaye's playing was more artistic and satisfactory than on the occasion last noticed in this column. His expression was more dignified and restrained, his phrasing less capricious, and he did not indulge in that sickly moaning up and down the strings which has occasionally been complained of. The Grieg C minor Sonata for piano and violin is familiar to most lovers of chamber music, although it is seldom played in this city by visiting artists. Ysaye had for his associate at the piano Mr. Jules de Felve, a good executant, but somewhat hard and rigid in style. Ysaye played the first movement with great fire and impetuosity, only arrested for a moment by the delicious little bit of *cantabile* introduced immediately after the first outburst of agitated passion has exhausted itself, and which he invested with much tender feeling and sang with a beautifully soft, velvety tone of sublimity. The *Romance*, or slow movement, which contains a well sustained and highly original melody of appealing charm, was very expressively rendered, while the furious finale, with its *cantabile*, so happily introduced by the composer as a contrast of mood, of feeling, and so eloquent in its passionate regret and longing, was interpreted by the violinist with irresistible abandon in the animated sections—characteristically Norwegian—and with emotional intensity in the *cantabile*. One was indebted to Ysaye for offering the whole of the Mendelssohn concerto, because the first movement is seldom heard in public, not on account of its difficulty, but because the second and third movements are more successful with a mixed audience. There is little to comment upon in Ysaye's playing of this effective work, except to say that the finale was taken at an extremely rapid tempo, and that the *Andante* had perhaps an excess of sentimentality. The technical difficulties of the three movements were never for a moment embarrassing to the violinist. The cadenza of the first *Allegro*, with its succeeding page of delicate arpeggios, the double-stopping episode in the *Andante*, and the brilliant staccato passages in the finale were all executed with ease and certainty. The arrangement of the Bach aria did not strike me as an improvement on the Wilhelmj version. Ysaye's device of repeating the melody an octave higher imparts a feminine element to the music, or, to say the least, it detracts from the majesty of style and the breadth of tone which distinguish the air when delivered throughout on the G string. Two of the *genre* numbers were by Ysaye, one original and the other his transcription of a theme by Saint-Saens, both attractive as fugitive pieces, and both played with individual charm. The third, *Serenade Melancolique*, by Tschakovsky, impressed me on first hearing as vague in utterance. Ysaye's final achievement was in the Wieniawski's enormously difficult *Faust* fantasia, in which he made a supreme exhibition of virtuosity.

As previously announced, Mr. W. O. Forsyth's pupil, Miss Helen Abbott Watkins, will give a piano recital in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on the evening of March 30. Miss Watkins will play, amongst other things, Sonata, op. 31, No. 3, Beethoven; *Berceuse*, valse, and etude, Chopin; *Nocturne* in G, Schumann; *Le Jongleur*, Moszkowski; *Hark! Hark! the Lark!*, Schubert-Liszt, and Liszt's Eighth Hungarian Rhapsody. The recital is under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and several prominent ladies. Mr. W. G. Armstrong, baritone, who has recently come to Toronto from New York, will assist.

Mr. Arthur Blight will give a song recital, assisted by Mr. H. M. Field, pianist, in Association Hall, on Tuesday, April 11.

Mrs. Mildred Walker sang most successfully in Hamilton on the 17th of March at the A.O.H. concert in Association Hall. The Hamilton Herald says: "The singing of Mrs. Walker of Toronto, who is quite a favorite here, was excellent, and she was encored for every number."

Charles E. Clarke sails from Boston this week for London, Eng. He will spend the next six months in study, returning in October to tour with Leonora Jackson, the violinist.

Mr. Rutherford of Lariviere, a talented pupil of Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, who has been studying with her for the last three years, gave a number of concerts while in Manitoba. Special mention may be made of the concert in Manitow, of which the *Western Canadian* says: "Mr. Rutherford had to respond many times. Over one encore, that old, familiar theme, *The Mocking Bird*, the audience went wild with applause. His rendering of Musin's *Mazurka de Concert* was a revelation of his power to interpret. It has been over a year since Mr. Rutherford appeared before a Manitow audience, and then he had won their hearts, but this being his first appearance since his return from the Toronto Conservatory of Music, the improvement in his bowing and in his interpretation is so marked that it is only a matter of time when he will rank

among Canada's most eminent violinists."

The Gerhard Heintzman Concert Hall at 97 Yonge street was opened on Tuesday night with a very enjoyable concert, contributed wholly by local artists. There was a large audience of nearly five hundred people, who, before proceeding to the concert hall, wandered through the show-rooms of the new home of the Gerhard Heintzman piano, and were enthusiastic in their expressions of admiration for the artistic environment that the firm had created for their musical instruments. So far as one could judge by the single experience of this concert, the hall is admirably adapted acoustically for the holding of piano recitals, chamber music concerts, and even elocutionary recitals. Both the voices of the solo singers and the tones of the piano carried through the hall to its furthest end with distinctness and freedom from echo or stridency. The programme had been well drawn up, for the compositions presented, while all of sterling musical merit, contained nothing heavy nor likely to bore a general audience. Miss Hope Morgan, the Toronto soprano, who is shortly to leave for England, monopolized most of the interest. She sang very sweetly, and with archness where that was appropriate, numbers by Schumann, Hahn, Wegerlin, Liza Lehmann and G. Lonsdale. One may mention as instinct with animation the *Weklerin Bergerette*, and Hahn's *Si mes Vers avaient des Ailes*. Mr. Pigott was the associate vocalist, and sang Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* and the *Star of Eze* from *Tannhauser* in addition to a group of pretty songs of his own composition with artistic care and finish. The solo pianist, Mr. Tripp, played in his most felicitous style, the Chopin Nocturne in G major, the Paganini-Schumann Caprice, Rubinstein's *Barcarolle*, and the Liszt transcription of the Paganini violin solo, *La Campanella*. In all of these the neatness of his technique, his clear-cut definition of rhythm and metre, and his unaffected expression showed to conspicuous advantage. The efficient accompanists were Mrs. Blight and Miss Featherstone.

A specially attractive sacred concert will be given in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church next Tuesday evening under the direction of Mr. Blakeley, the organist and choirmaster. Mr. Blakeley's boys' chorus and the regular choir will combine in providing a choice programme.

Thanks to the Mendelssohn Choir, a sample of Richard Strauss' advanced music was introduced by the Pittsburgh Orchestra last season in the shape of the overture, *Don Juan*. The work did not make a convincing impression among musicians as a rule, except as a clever achievement in scoring for an orchestra. The poverty of melodic material was noticed, and probably few in the audience had a strong desire to hear it again. However, curiosity, which had been strongly stimulated by the exploitation of Strauss' music in New York, was satisfied. Toronto people were enabled to form an opinion of their own of this up-to-date work, and the Mendelssohn Choir deserve much credit in including it in their concert scheme. Strauss' *Domestic Symphony* was recently produced in London, and its critical reception does not appear to have been very favorable. Ernest Newman, an admirer of the composer, writing in the *Speaker*, makes the following comments:

"It has been said very confidently that here Strauss has forsaken programme music and gone back to music of the absolute order; it has also been said with equal confidence, that he has said nothing of the kind. Strauss himself has behaved as foolishly over it as he might have been expected to do after his previous exploits in the same line. He writes a work like *Till Eulenspiegel*, that is based from start to finish on the most definite of episodes, and then goes through the heavy farce of 'mystifying' his hearers by telling them he prefers not to give them the clue to the episodes, but to leave them to 'crack the nut' as best they can. All the while he is giving clue after clue to his personal friends, till at length sufficient information is gathered to reconstruct the story that Strauss had worked upon; this gradually gets into all the programme books, and then we are able to listen to the work in the only way it can be listened to with any comprehension—with a full knowledge of the programme. With each new work of Strauss' there is the same foolery—one can use no milder word to describe proceedings that do not doubt have a rude kind of German humor, but that strike other people as more than a trifle silly. So it is with the *Symphonia Domestica*."

It is quite clear, then, that he has thought it worth while to put about a hundred people to a great deal of trouble and expense in order to suggest the imbecile spectacle of a baby shrieking in its bath; and I think it is the world protested against was taken up of its leisure and offered an interesting selection of music to an audience that crowded the auditorium. The boy shewed exceptional talent, playing his numbers with a good musical tone, accurate intonation and neat execution. Accompanied by Miss Lillian E. Jackson, he gave the Schubert sonata in D, op. 137, No. 1; the *Berceuse* by Godard; *Mazurka*, by Wieniawski, the *Seventh Air* of De Beriot, and Alabiell's fantasia on the Russian song *The Nightingale*. The programme was varied by songs from Mr. Russell G. McLean, pupil of Dr. Ham; piano solos, from Miss Jackson, pupil of Mr. Tripp, and songs by Miss Helen K. Ferguson, pupil of Mr. Ryan Burke, all of which were enthusiastically received. Master Weeks gives every promise of developing into a solo violinist of brilliant distinction.

is always coming in at the wrong place, and quite disturbs the atmosphere of the lullaby itself. Altogether I am inclined to think that the new work as a whole shows a decided falling-off. The *Symphonia Domestica* I take to be the work of an enormously clever man who was once a genius."

I have a definite statement from the manager, Mr. Henry W. Savage, of Parsifal company, that Wagner's great and last music-drama will be presented here at the Princess Theater on April 24, 25 and 26, three evenings and a Wednesday matinee. The evening performances will begin at half-past five o'clock, and the matinee at 11 a.m., with a long intermission between the first and second acts. The event, with the return of Paderewski, will close the musical season with a brilliant climax.

No solo pianist has made so profound an impression on local musicians for many seasons as that credited to Josef Hoimann the other day. He is announced to give a return concert at Massey Hall next Tuesday, and unless the public have had too much music lately, he should be greeted by a very large and representative audience.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians celebrated St. Patrick's Day by giving a capital concert in the evening at Massey Hall, which was packed to the doors by a most appreciative audience. A chorus of four hundred boys and girls, under the direction of Mr. M. J. Kelly and Miss Angela Tone Breen, sang a number of choruses with sweetness and distinctness of enunciation, and solo numbers were contributed by the following local favorites: Arthur Leitheuser, Frank Cartm, F. G. McGuire, Agnes Curran, and Nellie M. Corbett. Master J. Edgar Glynn, a boy soprano of talent, made quite a hit, being rapturously applauded by the ladies.

A new grand organ is being erected in the Central Methodist Church, Bloor street east, in memory of the late Mr. W. E. H. Massey, who, during the later years of his life, was an active and generous supporter of that church. It will be the gift of his eldest daughter, Miss Ruth Lillian Massey. The organ, which is electro-pneumatic in principle, will have four manuals, or keyboards, and will comprise a main organ in the gallery and a separate echo organ situated at the opposite end of the church, in the alcove behind the pulpit. The only other four-manual organs in Toronto are those in the Metropolitan and Sherbourne Street Methodist Churches, while the only other church possessing an echo organ proper is the Metropolitan. The specification is by Mr. F. C. Jeffers, a former organist of the church. This new instrument, which has been carefully adapted to the size of the church as regards power, will have great depth and richness in the full-organ tone, and great variety of different tone effects, both as regards contrast and gradation. There will be 46 speaking stops (11 great, 12 swell, 7 choir, 8 echo, 8 pedal), and 49 mechanical accessories—95 in all. The new organ will be ready for use by Easter, April 23, and will be opened about a month later by a prominent United States organist.

London is behind Toronto in the production of Cowen's *John Gilpin*, which will not be heard there until April 10. To the enterprise of the National Chorus and Dr. Ham we are indebted for a hearing of it locally, almost while it was red-hot with the glow of an English provincial success. It is interesting to recall the fact that Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* was heard in Toronto before it was presented in London. It is extremely probable that we shall hear *Parsifal* in English before the Londoners even think of presenting it in the vernacular.

Johann Strauss' opera *Die Fledermaus* has met with extraordinary favor in Germany, besides having won success in Paris. During the season 1902-3, it received 355 performances in Germany, thus beating the record of *Carmen*, which obtained 293 productions in the same period. *Die Fledermaus* is said to be musically most interesting and fascinating, and to approach the ideal of modern grand opera nearer than do some of the old Italian operas, such as *Puritani*, *La Favorita*. It may probably find its way in the near future to Toronto, now that it has been introduced in the United States.

The Knights of the Road is the name chosen for the new opera written by Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. H. A. Lytton for the Palace Theater in London. The period of the story is that of George II., when highwaymen are supposed to have been inspired with a sense of romance rather than of felony.

A ten year old boy, Master Campbell Weeks, a pupil of Mr. Kingfield, gave a violin recital on Thursday evening, last week in the Conservatory of Music Hall, and offered an interesting selection of music to an audience that crowded the auditorium. The boy shewed exceptional talent, playing his numbers with a good musical tone, accurate intonation and neat execution. Accompanied by Miss Lillian E. Jackson, he gave the Schubert sonata in D, op. 137, No. 1; the *Berceuse* by Godard; *Mazurka*, by Wieniawski, the *Seventh Air* of De Beriot, and Alabiell's fantasia on the Russian song *The Nightingale*. The programme was varied by songs from Mr. Russell G. McLean, pupil of Dr. Ham; piano solos, from Miss Jackson, pupil of Mr. Tripp, and songs by Miss Helen K. Ferguson, pupil of Mr. Ryan Burke, all of which were enthusiastically received. Master Weeks gives every promise of developing into a solo violinist of brilliant distinction.

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King Edward Hotel, Toronto, March 17, 1905.
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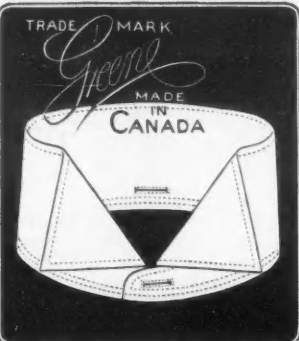
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NOTICE.

A General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, March 29th next, at the offices of the Company, SATURDAY NIGHT Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, for the purpose of receiving the annual statement of the affairs of the company, electing officers for the ensuing year, and such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By order.

R. BUTCHART, Sec. Treas.

Toronto, March 16th, 1905

"I don't like to say such long prayers," said a little girl the other night. "I want to say nice short ones like nurse says." "What kind does nurse say?" inquired her mother. "Oh, she just says 'Oh, Lord, why do I have to get up!'"

Out For Bear.



"Yes," said our hero, "I went out looking for bear, and—"



—presently I met one. I wasn't at all frightened, but as a measure of precaution I—



—climbed up the nearest tree, and—



—knowing how fond bears are of good champagne, I dropped a bottle or so down to him. In a moment—



—he was drinking heavily, and then—



—he began to dance about with the empty bottles.



—I then dropped on him from the tree, and, having—



—tied him up till the liquor had got a good hold on him—



—I led him home in triumph."

Vivacious Bernhardt.

THE very last time I met Sarah in America was in San Francisco, when she invited me to be present at a dinner she proposed giving in the Chinese quarter of that city. Of course I was delighted with the opportunity of such an experience, and at the most flamboyant restaurant she could find in Chinatown her guests assembled and partook of the following menu:

Bow Ha Mai.
(Boiled prawns in oil.)
Ham ob Dau.
(Preserved eggs with ducks' gizzards.)
Yen Wo' Gong.
(Boiled pigeon eggs and bird's-nest soup.)
Bow Yu Chee.
(Boiled shark fins.)
Ja Tow N. Gow.
(Fried roofs of the mouths of pigs.)
Yuen Teyai.
(Rice cakes.)
Dein Som.
(Sweetmeats and jellies.)
Cha Sam Soo.
(Tea and rice whisky.)

I need hardly say I merely tasted each dish, rather than ate of it. The preserved eggs with the ducks' gizzards and the rice cakes and jellies were swallowable; but I could not for the life of me manage the oiled prawns and the shark fins. Sarah arose from the table and protested that French cooking was quite good enough for her; but she wished to astonish her stomach with a Chinese banquet. Whether she was any the worse for her gastronomic experiment or not, I cannot say, as I left San Francisco the next day; but I didn't seem to get the taste of the dreadful Celestial messes out of my mouth for quite a week.

I was talking one day with Maurice Grau—he was her manager during her London engagements—about Madame Bernhardt, and he told me that on an occasion when she was acting in London King Edward (then Prince of Wales) paid a visit behind the scenes to compliment her. He was accompanied by the King of Greece, whom he presented to the actress. "My brother-in-law," simply said His Royal Highness. Madame Bernhardt bowed and remained tête-à-tête with the King, addressing him as Monsieur all the time, and chatting vivaciously in her usual off-hand fluent, discursive style. But time pressed, and she had to return to her dressing-room. "Well," said her colleagues, "what do you think of the King of Greece?" "What king?" she asked. "The king to whom you have just been talking," they answered. On this information she ran off to the Prince of Wales. "Ah, Prince," she exclaimed, "it was naughty of you not to tell me that it was the King of Greece." "But I told you that it was my brother-in-law," said the Prince. "Your brother-in-law," replied Madame Bernhardt, "but how was I to know? He might have been a stockbroker, or a lawyer, or a soldier—I can't tell one man from another in evening dress. In future, I hope, when your Royal Highness is so good as to present me to kings, or monarchs, or sovereigns, you'll mention their rank that I may address them properly. Good night!" and away she flitted on to the stage, as her last scene in *Dame aux camélias* had just been called.

Sarah's stay in San Francisco merits an additional mention. One of her first visits was to explore Chinatown, where she immediately looked up the Chinese theater and was presented to the manager, who was the principal actor. She assured him that then and there she desired to give an extempore representation to the friends who accompanied her, and to any straggling Chinese the manager cared to send in at ten cents admission. She promised that her performance would only last twenty minutes, and that it would be quite original. The whim had seized her to "have some fun," as she expressed it, and it was

agreed that the manager was to assist, if desirable, on the stage.

Then terms were discussed and everything each said had to be translated by an interpreter before it was understood by the others. After considerable jabbering, terms were arranged and Sarah was conducted to a dressing-room, from which she soon reappeared clad in Celestial robes. Then she refused to begin her entertainment until she received her money—*à la Patti*—as she put it, as it is a rule of *La Diva* to be paid in advance. So a collection was taken up from the persons accompanying her, and a scattering of loungers, who had looked in, which amounted to about \$2.50. Her fifty per cent. of the gross takings was handed to her, and she announced that she was ready for the orchestra to begin. When the Chinaman explained that the members of the band were absent, she said that she would manufacture her own music. She opened her mouth and let forth a volume of sound that imitated the wailing sounds and wheezy passages of a Chinese orchestra, which made the dozen Chinamen present shriek with laughter, and it is no mean achievement to make a Celestial laugh heartily. Then she sent us all into spasms of hilarity by executing what she termed a *dance de Pékin*, keeping up the strident sounds of the imaginary band at the same time. After this she seized a sword, swung it swiftly round her head, and made for the Chinese actor with whom she had negotiated. Her eyes gleamed, and she threw such energy into her manner that he retreated in actual fear. She made a tragic spring toward him, uttering a howl of simulated rage that caused the Mongol to leap from the stage, his eyes starting from his head in terror. Even the members of the company, who were used to her eccentric antics, rocked with laughter at this scene, which brought Sarah's Chinese performance to a conclusion. If this *dénouement* had been carefully rehearsed and arranged, it could not have had a droller or more effective finish. It cost me twenty-five cents to witness it, but it was worth five dollars, for I shall never behold its like again. Sarah, after thanking the audience in an imitation of Chinese sounds cleverly mixed up with French argot, retired from the stage, and resumed her ordinary costume.

HOWARD PAUL.

The Jester.

"A certain class of insane persons are remarkable for their ready and apt retorts," said Dr. George T. Winston, the criminologist. "The court fools whom monarchs and great nobles used to employ were all of this insane class. It would be possible now, if the court fool fashion were to be revived again, to get from our asylums excellent jesters."

"I have in mind a young man in a Boston retreat who would make a good jester for any monarch. This young man keeps his companions continually amused. The first time I ever saw him he sat on the floor, swearing bitterly. 'Tut, tut,' said I. 'Don't swear.' 'Why not?' said he.

"Because," said I, "you won't go to heaven if you do."

"Oh," said the young man disdainfully; "I'm not going to try to get to heaven. There's more trying now than will ever get in."

In Praise of Abstinence.

"THE most brilliant woman in Rome," said a cosmopolitan, "is the Marquise de Monstiers-Meriville. She is an American. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. S. Caldwell of Kentucky. The Marquise de Monstiers-Meriville, besides being brilliant, is of a religious, spiritual turn of mind. She hates all manner of excess, and especially she hates excess in drinking. A young English baronet attempted at dinner one evening to quiz Mme. de Monstiers-Meriville a little on her rigid and Puritanical ideas. Lifting up a glass of crisp champagne, he said:

"What harm, madam, can ensue from a drink so beautiful and clean?" "Much harm," replied the marquise gravely.

"Ah, no," said the Englishman. "Wine is good. It is a tonic. It makes blood. It makes you fat."

"I have seen it make you lean," said the marquise, and, as the Englishman, puzzled, looked at her with elevated brows, she smiled and added: "On your stick."

A Royal Booklet.


The Grand Trunk Railway System are distributing a very handsome booklet descriptive of the Royal Muskoka Hotel that is situated on Lake Rosseau, in the Muskoka Lakes, "Highlands of Ontario." The publication is one giving a full description of the attractions that may be found at this popular resort, handsomely illustrated with colored prints of lake and island scenery, the hotel itself, and many of the special features that may be found there. It is printed on fine enameled paper, bound in a cover giving the appearance of morocco leather, with a picture of the hotel and surroundings on the same, and the crest of the hotel embossed in high relief. A glance through this booklet makes one long for the pleasure of summer and outdoor life, and copies may be secured gratuitously by applying to Mr. C. E. Hörning, city ticket agent, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Cheap Rate to New York.

Bear these dates in mind. April 8, date of West Shore excursion to New York. April 22, date of one via New York Central. Full particulars at 691-2 Yonge street, Toronto.

The Route to the Sunny Southland.

Is via the Pennsylvania Railroad. Double daily train service. Leave Exchange Street Station, Buffalo, 9.00 a.m. and 9.00 p.m. Through sleepers and parlor cars to Washington, connecting for all resorts in the Carolinas and Florida.



THE IDEAL BEVERAGE
should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

A Piano with an individuality of its own. This is what can be said of the

Heintzman & Co. Piano

Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co.

It is an instrument that stands apart from any other piano. It is used at all great functions and concerts in Canada. The world's greatest artists, like Nordica, Albani, Burmeister, Friedheim, Hillsted and others have made this particular piano their one choice.



It is the piano that was used exclusively by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra in their great successes in Toronto and elsewhere—a piano that really represents a new creation in piano building.

PIANO SALON:

115-117 King St. West, Toronto.

Prosperity and Progress

The volume of business transacted by the Mutual Life of Canada during 1904 exceeds that of any previous year. Over Five Million Dollars of new business was written, making the total Assurances now in force nearly Forty and a Half Millions of Dollars. All but Thirty Thousand Dollars of the new business was written within the Dominion. The Mutual Life of Canada is essentially a Canadian Company, and believes that good Canadian business is preferable to foreign business, which is secured at excessive cost and is often of poor quality. Good home business, and lots of it, means more profits to Canadian policy holders.

Statement from 35th Annual Report of

THE MUTUAL LIFE Company of Canada for 1904.

INCOME.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Premiums	\$1,373,364 69	Death Claims	\$220,304 50
Interest and rents	351,944 21	Matured Endowments	160,053 00
		Purchased Policies	52,394 54
		Surplus	83,183 40
		Annuities	5,679 90
		Expenses, Taxes, etc.	300,507 00
		Balance	899,886 56
	\$1,725,308 90		\$1,725,308 90
ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Mortgages	\$3,760,617 53	Reserve, 4, 3½, and 3 per cent.	\$7,350,172 24
Debentures and Bonds	2,897,496 42	Reserve on lapsed policies liable to revive or surrender	1,967 10
Loans on Policies	888,492 41	Death Claims unadjusted	25,066 00
Loans on Stocks	7,000 00	Present value of Death Claims payable in installments	31,122 82
Liens on Policies	31,161 25	Premiums paid in advance	15,923 96
Real Estate	68,285 53	Amount due for medical fees	5,847 50
Cash in Banks	136,728 03	Credit Lodged Balances	11,257 96
Cash at Head Office	4,317 18	Net Surplus over all liabilities on Company's Valuation Standard	772,072 87
Due and Deferred Premiums (net)	266,713 94		
Interest due and accrued	159,718 16		
	\$8,220,530 45		\$8,220,530 45

Net Surplus over all Liabilities on Government Standard of Valuation

Lowest Expense Rate of any Canadian Life Company.

Head Office—Waterloo, Ont.

ROBERT MELVIN, President.
GEO. WEGENAST, Manager.

A. HOSKIN, K.C.,
JON. JUSTICE BRITTON,
W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

"A Home is to Live in"

The True Idea of a Home

The "idea of a home" is just as important an idea to those who live in old residences as to those who are just crystallizing plans for a new one.

The idea of a home is something more than an outside shell. It should appeal to one by its inside drawing power. It should be a place you don't feel like leaving when you are in it and a place you are glad to get back to when you are away from it.

That is the true idea of a home.

It is a matter of interior.

Interiors are delicate affairs. They are easily spoiled by the least error of the decorator. If his judgment is at fault the whole scheme is put out of joint. It saves money to save experiment. It saves a lot of anxiety and annoyance, too.

Of course you want the right kind of an interior.

Then get the right kind of interior artists.

You want the decorator who can do the work with the element of experiment left out and the element of experience put in.

Ideas, artistic taste, experience, exclusive patterns and the richest fabrics and materials are the equipment we offer for this work.

Our prices are reasonable.

Remember, our Studio is open to visitors and we are glad to explain our system.

Studio—34, 35 Lawlor Building
6 King St. West.

The United Arts and Crafts Limited

BABAYAN'S

Spring Importations

OF GENUINE

Turkish and Persian Rugs

ORIENTAL RUGS are becoming more and more popular every day when the people are realizing their superiority to any other sort of floor coverings. No home is artistic without a few Real Persian Rugs—they last for generations, and keep their colors and beauty for years.

As only Direct Importers we have exceptional facilities of securing the most unique patterns and exclusive qualities in all sorts of Oriental Rugs. Our latest importations comprise the following makes:

Shirvans, Boukaras, Kazaks,

**Daghistsans, Shiraz, Caesarians,
Anatollans, Mausouls, Antique
Irons, Gendjes, etc., etc.**

Having several other bales "on the way, we have marked these goods at very reasonable prices, in order to get quick returns.

ARTISTIC DAMASCUS BRASSWARE.

We have just received a very large shipment of these goods direct from Syria, comprising vases, jardinières in all shapes, engraved and hammered brass tea trays, pedestals, etc. Also Egyptian tabourets, pedestals, tables, chairs, etc., etc.

We invite all the lovers of Eastern Art to pay us an early visit.

Out-of-town orders always receive our prompt attention.

Courian, Babayan & Co.,

Oriental Art Rooms, 40 King East, Toronto.

BOYS

Who want to earn money
Who want a start in business
Who want to acquire education
Who want anything a boy wants

Can learn a lot about satisfying these desires by addressing the **Circulation Department** of

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal terms. Costs nothing to start. Energy will bring success. Write **Circulation Department, "Toronto Saturday Night," Toronto.**

Littleton's Joke on a Wit.

It was once given to Borough President Littleton of New York to take the wind out of the sails of a man who is famed far and wide as an after dinner speaker. Every good story one hears is tagged with the gentleman's name, and on one occasion he was expected to speak directly after Mr. Littleton at a banquet. Mr. Littleton's speech was wholly serious, and had not an anecdote in it. He was almost at the end of it when the famous raconteur entered the room. Mr. Littleton bowed to him.

"I trust," said Mr. Littleton, "that the distinguished gentleman who has just come in will pardon me if I have trespassed on his domain. I plead guilty to theft of his latest story, but I am

sure he will agree with me that it was too good to keep."

Then Mr. Littleton sat down. The distinguished gentleman sat down also. It was really all he could do. He had no means of knowing what one of his stories had already been imparted to the audience. He merely waved his hand gracefully, and regretted that severe hoarseness made it impossible for him to address the company.

Fair devotee—I don't see any way to raise our church debt, except to have a lottery. Minister (shocked)—That will never have my sanction, madam, never, unless you call it by some other name.

He—Would you rather be pretty or witty? She—Sir!



MRS. WALTER GOULLOCK of Forest road will hold her postnuptial reception at her new home, No. 17, next Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Goullock are now settled comfortably in their pretty house, and Mrs. Goullock's brother, Mr. Charlie Forlong, is residing with them.

St. Patrick's Day was, as usual, the occasion of several teas, luncheons, and dinners, and various small theater parties, though the Princess Theater was dark for the latter half of the week. The luncheon at Bon Accord, one of several which have recently gathered congenial parties round Mrs. Alexander's hospitable hearthstone, was a very pleasant reunion, and Mrs. McLean of Guelph was the guest of honor. The color motif was supported by the timely shamrock, which came in tiny boutonnières for each guest, and everything was dainty and delicious. Mrs. Mann gave a luncheon on the 17th at her residence in St. George street, which was the essence of the day, green being the color scheme even to the flowers, which were quite literary in suggestion and recalled a one-time sensational novel. The flowers were white carnations, edged deeply with brilliant green and looking lovely in their unnatural tinting. The suggestive trefail was everywhere, and the luncheon was as jolly as one would imagine with Mrs. Mann and Miss Maude Williams as hostesses.

Mr. James Grace returned from England last week, leaving Mrs. Grace and the little daughter in London. They will come out later on.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong have returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Helliwell's tea at Iver Holme on the 17th was in the nature of a "by-by" to Miss Elsie, who is to be married on Easter Saturday. The hostess, in a handsome black lace gown, and the bride-elect in pale green striped gauze, received in the drawing-room, and the attendance of good-wishers, with many a friendly pleasantry and hearty handshake, kept the rooms well crowded from five to six. Twin tea-tables were arranged, crowned with white roses, and about which hovered a number of fair assistants. Mrs. Wallace Helliwell in a lovely pale blue gown, and picture hat, and Miss Mabel Helliwell, tall and slight in her white gown, being among the number assisting. In the drawing-room Mrs. De Veber, "the Duchess," as her friends aptly entitle her, looked very handsome in a black gown with some fine old Brussels lace. Mrs. Henderson was also as bright and pretty a dowager as may be, and so was Mrs. Fisk, dainty and cordial to the friends who lingered, loth to leave this charming trio from the older set. Friends came from all parts of the city to say pretty things to the bride-elect on this her last appearance, as a most popular and justly esteemed girl, in society. Mrs. Helliwell will not receive again until May, after her daughter's marriage.

The article in the *National Review*, written upon Canada by the Countess of Minto, is of an "excellency" unofficial and from the heart. The healthy, happy inspiring outdoor life, which our dear little Countess so frankly and thoroughly enjoyed, is most convincingly set forth in this article, and we may prepare for an invasion next summer of the aristocracy, whose imaginations have been set afire by her enthusiasm for things Canadian.

Mrs. Cawthra of Yeaton Hall, Miss Cawthra, and Miss Perkins have been spending the trying season at Atlantic City. Miss Rowand is now with them for a time, and Miss Andrene Todd is visiting Miss Dora Rowand during her aunt's absence. Miss Perkins is expected home to-day.

Among the many handsome new houses in course of completion and occupancy is the new home of Mrs. Cosby and her family on the corner of Lowther avenue and St. George street. I hear it is a gem of a house, and know that the best wishes of hosts of friends will attend Mrs. Cosby and her young folks for many happy years under their new roof.

Mrs. Bryson Osborne gave a matinee card party on the 17th at which tables were arranged for bridge and seven-hand euchre. Miss Lister and Miss Jessie Bethune kept tally, and after the game a dainty tea was served from a table done in white and green, with roses and white stocks.

The farewell of Ysaye on the 16th was "a linked sweetness long drawn out," almost too much of the violin for one evening reducing some of the more appreciative listeners to a condition of repletion of good things, which even stilled the encore fiend, for once in a decade. One masterly *tour de force* after another, wave upon wave of sweetness, and wonderfully skilful wizardry of bow and strings, grave, gay, solemn, and mirthful—Ysaye has played more seductively but never more convincingly. The audience, mainly packed in the upper gallery and under the galleries on the main floor, was very choice and musical. A few of those present elsewhere were Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones and Mrs. Davis of Vancouver, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and Miss Sovereign, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mrs. Mann, Miss Stewart, Miss Williams, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Benvenuto, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Curtis Williamson, Miss Michie, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Dr. Lang, Mr. E. Houston, Miss Hilda Boulton, Professor and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet and the Misses McLeod of England, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald Oxley, Miss McGill, Mrs. Arthur Massey, Miss Kemp of Castle Frank, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence

Boyd, Mr. and Miss Case, Miss Muriel Barwick, Mr. and Miss Isabel Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Denison, Miss Clara Cox, the Misses Rolland Hills, Dr. Thistle, Miss Hazel Wright, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, the Misses Hagarty, the Misses Labatt.

Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter has gone south for a vacation and rest.

Mrs. J. McIntosh of Avenue road is *hors de combat* from a broken arm, the fracture being the result of a fall on a slippery doorstep while calling a fortnight or so ago.

Mrs. Acland, who has been in the hospital for treatment, is now better and has gone for two or three weeks to the Convalescent Home, Hill Crest.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Atherly are in Paris. I hear they will return home in some months. Atherly, one of the most spacious and hospitable homes on the East Side, has been, say its habitués, closed quite long enough.

Mrs. E. J. Senkler, wife of the late Judge Senkler, died recently in Vancouver, where she was living with her son. Mrs. Senkler was mother of Dr. Ivan Senkler, who married, some years ago, Miss Leila Mackay of "Dundonald," Toronto.

In the death of Mrs. Harrison of Dovercourt road, one of the few remaining of the very old set has passed away at a very advanced age, deeply regretted, after a life well lived and honorable.

Mrs. R. H. Cosbie and her daughter, Mrs. Will Lamont, of 24 Rose avenue, will not receive again this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Skey of Port Dover, who have been visiting their son, Rev. Lawrence Skey, at St. Anne's rectory, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. James were expected home on Thursday from Atlantic City.

There is no more inviting field for the artist-designer than the arrangement of the beautiful lighting effects which are to be got from the use of the incandescent electric light.

The clumsy pendant chandelier, which was so much in use when gas and coal oil were the principal means of illumination available, is being superseded by a lighter and much more artistic style of fixture, employing the incandescent electric lamps for its lighting agent.

Sometimes the lights are arranged in a cluster and hung near the ceiling; in other cases, where it is desirable that the lights should be hung lower, the lighting clusters are suspended by means of a chain.

The display of electric fixtures in the show-rooms of the local electric light company has been selected with great care, the aim of the management being to encourage the use of the electric light by showing its many advantages over all other forms of illumination from an artistic standpoint. Its hygienic advantages are too well known to need demonstration.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, the last two weeks, are: Mr. and Mrs. C. Tackaberry, Miss Helen Law, Miss Frankie Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, Mr. Harry Jones, Miss C. Thacker, Mrs. Harry Hughes, Miss Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Baillie, Mr. H. H. Ellis, Mr. F. W. Christie, Mr. R. F. Wilks, Deacon and Mrs. Rose, Mr. J. C. Hayhoe, Mr. T. F. Dryden, Mr. H. Webb, Master Albert Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Lyonde, Mr. Harold B. Lyon, Mr. E. P. Brownell, Mrs. Swabey, Dr. Warden, Dr. Lewis F. Riggs, Mrs. Scadding, Miss E. Ramsay, of Toronto; Mr. A. W. Johns of Gravenhurst, Mr. John O'Donoghue of Stratford, Mr. W. R. Ferguson of Niagara Falls, Mr. R. C. Scott of Tillsonburg, Mrs. Mewdell of Belleville, Mr. H. S. Holcroft of Orillia.

Dr. Hiram Corson of Cornell University is to give a course of eleven interpretative readings from Browning, Shakespeare, and other masters of English literature. The readings are to be given in the Toronto Conservatory of Music on April 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 14, 15, at 11 a.m., April 4 and 12 at 8 p.m. The Saturday morning readings, April 1, 8, 15, will form in themselves a complete course.

Canada's Finest Train.

The "International Limited," leaving Toronto 4.40 p.m. daily for London, Detroit, Chicago and western points, has through Pullman sleeper to Chicago, and café parlor car to Detroit. Make reservations and secure tickets at Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

The Hespeckd Governor.

Senator Gorman was talking about a statesman whose great talents are coupled with an unusual mildness and gentleness of disposition.

"Poor fellow," said Senator Gorman. "He lets himself, perhaps, be imposed upon. His wife hespecks him. But he told me once that he would rather be hespecked any time than make a row and cause pain."

"Then he told how, when he was Governor, he had a page boy, a little fat page boy in a tight blue suit with brass buttons. One day the page boy committed some crime—stole postage stamps, kicked the cook, or something of that kind—and the Governor, in his gentle way, set out to give him a little religious admonition."

"Willie," he said, 'don't you know, Willie Pitcoe, that there is a higher Power always watching us?'

"Yes, sir," said the page.

"Who is it, wretched boy?" the Governor went on, 'who sees and hears all we do, and before whom even I am as a crushed worm?'

"The missus, sir," said Willie."

"The Dustless Method."

Don't Be a Slave

Have Your Housecleaning Done by Compressed Air

In all the history of civilization there has been no nobler feat of the inventive genius than the saving of human labor. The amount of weary, degrading toil that has been taken from the aching backs and crippled hands of mankind by the invention of labor-saving machinery can never be estimated.

It would be hard to find a greater drudgery or terror to the average woman than housecleaning.

Whoever dreamed, a few years ago, that a housekeeper could simply telephone to a business concern and have her house cleaned for her while she went down town shopping or out visiting?

Drudgery is vanished for those who believe that science is greater than hand-labor.

Compressed air, while it is the most harmless force in the world, is the most penetrating and effective in its dirt-reaching effects. It is surprising how clean, bright, fresh and sweet this new method makes carpets, curtains, upholstery, and all kinds of house-furnishing fabrics.

And best of all, this compressed air method is dustless. Carpets are cleaned right on the floor. The dirt is taken out from the floor up. Nothing left over—nothing left under—every particle removed—and without dust, too. The dirt is all gathered into a bag, as it flies out of the article cleaned, and the bag, when full, is carried out.

The compressed air method is the only safe method. The pressure is distributed so as to be as strong as necessary, without being strong enough to injure. The work is done by the compressed air blowing on and into the fabrics, instead of sucking by vacuum. By all tests the Compressed Air Method has been shown to be the best. It is

harmless,
effective,
quick and thorough,
dustless.

This service is at the disposal of the public, for large or small residences; for one, two, three rooms or a whole house. We are glad to give you our prices and all particulars if you will write or inquire at head office. The cost is very slight compared to the real value of the work.

The Compressed Air Dustless Housecleaning Co., Limited
59-61 Victoria Street

Telephone Main 1413.



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IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.	<p>"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."</p> <p>BEETHAM'S Parola</p> <p>SOOTHING & REFRESHING.</p> <p>Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. 8-England.</p> <p>M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, GLOS.</p>	It actively removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unsurpassed for SKIN TONING and SOFTENING.
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Grand Sacred Concert

WILL BE HELD IN
Sherbourne Street Methodist Church
Cor. Carlton Street

BY
**MR. BLAKELEY'S POPULAR BOYS
AND THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH**

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 28th, 1905

Princess Theatre.

ALL WEEK OF
MAR. 27
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Return Engagement
of the
Eminent English Comedian

Charles Hawtrey

and his London Company—30 People
in the world-famous comedy

"A Message from Mars"

which made so great a success at this theatre two years ago. Novel and Startling Mechanical, Scenic and Electrical Effects.

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinees Daily, 25. **WEEK MAR. 27** Evenings 25 & 50

First Vaudeville appearance of
JOHN T. KELLY & CO.
Presenting a one act comedy, "Senator McPhee"

CHASSINO
Shadowgraphist

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Illusionists Extraordinary

CELINA BOBE
European Xylophone Expert

EGBERT & RAY,
Two Clever Dancers

The Kinetograph
All New Pictures

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

DELLA FOX
The Daintiest of them all



42-INCH

Dress Trunks

in three special finishes. All corners are riveted—not nailed. Linings linen—not cotton. Heavy straps that go completely around the trunk, leather binding very closely nailed. Solid brass locks. 3 trays. Top tray deep enough for hats and has moveable divisions.

15.00
18.00
21.00

CATALOGUE "S" showing the specialties we make in Traveling Goods, Leather Goods and Leather Novelties mailed free. Express charges paid in Ontario.

The Julian Sale
Leather Goods Co. Limited
105 KING ST. WEST.

Peace at Last.

A visitor to a little cemetery commented upon the extraordinary size of the rough stone which covered one of the graves.

"Oh, that's where Sal Bell lies buried," said the sexton. "She was the most talkative body Ah ever knew. She jawed from hour to hour wif niver a stop. Sometimes she'd be at it all night, till her husband wof fair 'maddled' wif listenin' to her. She talked herself to death at last, and then her friends clubbed together and put that big stone on her grave and chiselled on it: 'He sleeps in peace.'"

"You mean 'She sleeps in peace,' I suppose?" remarked the stranger.

"No, Ah don't," the sexton grunted. "It wof her husband that slept in peace at last, poor fellow!"

A Usful Album

It was at the breakfast-table, and the pretty daughter of the household was propitiating her father.

"Jack asked me to apologize to you for staying so long last evening," she said, with sundry pats and squeezes of the old gentleman's arm as she handed his second cup of coffee. "You see, I was showing him my book of souvenir postal-cards, and we got so interested we had no idea about time."

"I've got an album that would interest him, too," said her father. "I'll bring it so you can show it to him next time. It's my summer's expense book, with dressmakers' bills, and so on, all nicely balanced. It will be fully as educational to him as views of Chester and Westminster Abbey, I reckon."

FOR SALE—Five hundred different postage stamps; packet contains no torn stamps, revenues or post-cards; splendid value; post-free, \$1.00. W. Frazier, 431 Church street, Toronto.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births

BEVAN—Eglinton, March 19, Mrs. W. H. Bevan, a son.

Marriages

ARCHAMBAULT—COOPER—Toronto, March 14, Lydian Cooper to Arthur A. Archambault.

WILSON—BEARE—Whitevale, March 15, Willetta M. E. Beare to Fred G. Wilson.

Deaths

DALRYMPLE—Toronto, March 18, Mrs. Charles J. Dalrymple, aged 27 years.

HARRISON—Toronto, March 20, Mrs. S. B. Harrison, aged 90 years.

LAWLER—Toronto, March 19, Rev. E. B. Lawler, aged 88 years.

MACKIE—Beamsville, March 15, Rev. James Mackie, aged 79 years.

Established 1869

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Undertaker

343 YONGE STREET, Phone M. 682

Society at the Capital.

A LARGE number of spectators witnessed the competition of the Minto Skating Club for the challenge cups on Monday evening at the Rideau Rink, and much surprise and pleasure were expressed by all at the excellence in the art which the competitors had achieved, the general verdict being that the performance much exceeded that of former years, and the figures executed were much more difficult than those before attempted at like exhibitions. His Excellency, accompanied by Lady Evelyn Grey, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Captains Newton and Trotter, Major Paske and Lord Bury, arrived about nine o'clock and appeared to take a very great interest in watching the numbers of graceful and intricate figures which were executed by the various competitors. From the outset, however, it was easy for the spectators as well as the judges to decide who would be the prize-winner among the ladies, as Miss Ewan of Montreal far outdid the efforts of our home competitors, her easy and graceful movements calling forth many expressions of admiration from the crowd of onlookers. Mr. Ormond Haycock's skating also easily distanced that of the other gentlemen taking part, and to him was awarded the challenge cup. Mr. Rubenstein of Montreal, himself a great skating celebrity, was one of the judges, and he expressly commented on the extreme ease and grace with which Mr. Haycock bore himself on the ice. Mr. Rubenstein afterwards, at the special request of Lord Grey, gave an exhibition of some very difficult fancy figures in skating. In the doubles Mr. Haycock with his sister, Miss Kitty Haycock, came off victorious, and to Miss Ewan was presented the special prize for fancy figures. Mr. and Mrs. James Smellie won the second prize in the doubles, and Mr. Fred Anderson and Miss Grace Ritchie were awarded the third prize. Hot refreshments were served in the tea-room during the evening, and altogether it was a most successful affair, although it is to be regretted that the competition had not been more widely advertised, so that a larger number of skaters from other cities might have had the opportunity of entering, there being only two on Monday evening, Mr. Heward of Toronto and Miss Ewan of Montreal.

Bridge parties appear to be chosen by many hostesses as the favorite method of entertaining for Lent, and since Ash Wednesday they have been coming off at the rate of two or three an evening, many afternoons of the week having also been given up to this fascinating amusement. Mrs. Arthur Sladen entertained at one of the afternoon parties on Tuesday, when about twenty-five ladies enjoyed the interesting game, and on the same afternoon Miss Annie McDougall invited several of the younger members of society to partake in the same popular recreation, Miss Ethel Southam of Hamilton being on this occasion the guest of honor. A bridge party on a large scale was given on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. C. A. E. Harris of Earncliffe, for her guests, the Misses Ryerson of Toronto, when many visitors to the Capital, as well as Ottawans, joined in the game, among them being Miss Atkins of Toronto, Miss Kane of Montreal, Mrs. and Miss Bosse and Miss Casault of Quebec, Miss Alice Corby of Belleville, Miss Ouellet of Montreal, Miss Cayley of Toronto, Mrs. Arthur Price of Quebec, and Mrs. Sam Clarke of Winnipeg. The prize-winners were Miss Gwen Clemow, Miss Claire McCullough and Miss Ritchie. When the game was over, tea, presided over by Mrs. William McDougall and Madame Grouard, was enjoyed in the dining-room. Colonel and Mrs. Toller also entertained on Thursday evening at a bridge party of about thirty guests. Other hostesses who chose bridge as a means of entertaining small coteries of friends during the week were Mrs. Charles Mackintosh, Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mrs. J. J. Gormully, and Miss Walker Powell.

The tea for girls, which was to have come off at Government House some time ago, and in consequence of the illness of Countess Grey and the Ladies Evelyn and Sibyl Grey, was unavoidably postponed for a while, took place on Friday. Lady Grey was present for a little while only, to receive the guests, but withdrew immediately afterwards, as she is not yet sufficiently strong to stand much fatigue. The Ladies Evelyn and Sibyl Grey, both gowned in black relieved with touches of white, did the honors of the tea-table, assisted by their English guest, Miss Buxton, who looked exceedingly well in a frock of white *crêpe de Chine*. Those who had the honor of being invited were: Miss Cartwright, Miss Molly Cartwright, Miss McLeod Clarke, Miss Gormully, Miss Lilian Dainton, Miss Lemoine, Miss Jessie Clarke, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Gwen Anderson, Miss Annie McDougall, Miss Mary Osler, Miss Cayley of Toronto, and the Misses Elsie and Beatrice Ritchie.

A most unique and *recherché* luncheon was given by Mrs. Ahearn to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, the decorations being carried out wholly in the color devoted to Ireland's patron saint, and this color was extended even to the ices, entrees, etc. The flowers chosen were entirely lilies of the valley, which, with the addition of quantities of shamrocks, made a most exquisitely dainty decoration, and each guest was the recipient of a pretty little *bouquet* composed of these sweet blossoms, tied with a white satin ribbon, on which was painted the name of each guest. A most magnificent Venetian lace cover over green satin was laid on the table, and the centerpiece consisted of a huge basket of shamrocks, all combining to form a most artistic and appropriate decoration. The guests who sat down were Lady Laurier, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. A. W. Fleck, Mrs. W. G. Ferley, Mrs. Charles O'Connor, Mrs. George E. Foster, Mrs. George P. Murphy, and Mrs. Kirchhoffer. Two delightful luncheons with Mrs. Gerald Bate as hostess came off on Friday and Saturday respectively, on the first named day Mrs. Bate's married friends being the invited guests, and on Saturday the *jeunesse dorée* being represented by about a dozen of its brightest members. On both occasions the table was prettily arranged with fragrant Am-

erican Beauty roses and lilies of the valley.

Unfortunately the present changeable weather is accountable for the fact that a great many members of society at the Capital are rather seriously indisposed. Miss Thistle's many friends will be sorry to hear that she has been quite charmingly ill, and on Thursday it was necessary to call a consultation of doctors. Miss Gladys Irwin is also laid up, suffering from a severe cold, and a contemplated trip to New York and other points has, therefore, had to be postponed for a while. Mrs. Paul Weatherbee, who has been *hors de combat* for the last week or so, is now convalescent, as is also Mrs. Kirchhoffer, who was for a while also on the sick list.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 20, 1905.

Miss M. Johnston, Miss B. Leishman, Mrs. C. W. Colby, Montreal; Miss R. R. Bulen, Georgetown; Mr. M. Park Parker, New York City; Mrs. Y. Batty, Norwich; Mrs. George H. Pedlar, Miss M. Hart, Oshawa; Miss Nora Craig, Paris; Miss Gurney E. Still, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. G. K. Gates, London; Mrs. C. W. Leonard, London; Mrs. A. Barnett, Renfrew; Mr. H. D. McMaster, Collingwood; Mrs. George Baltzer, Berlin; Miss L. Lemley, Philadelphia, have recently registered at the United Arts and Crafts studio.

Mr. George Wyndham.

THE Irish Chief Secretary was wont to be the best-hated man in a Government.

The hardest, most unbending Minister was chosen to be the target for the daily onslaught of Hibernian vituperation in the House, and, mayhap, of bullets on his administrative journeys. Mr. John Morley tried to turn hatred into affection by giving the Nationalists all they asked. Mr. George Wyndham has won their respect by giving what he considers good for them.

He is in danger of becoming popular thereby. It is of no account that occasionally the House rings with maledictions, with abuse of the police which he controls, that Mr. Swift MacNeill becomes incoherently vociferous in exposure of petty grievances, or that Mr. John Redmond trounces Mr. Wyndham in the manner of Cato impeaching Catiline, so that his supporters may be refreshed and invigorated. These are essential incidents in the conduct of a fighting party, but they signify nothing. Mr. Wyndham understands the Irish temperament. He has the blood of the martyrs in his veins, and the Nationalists never tire of recalling that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was his ancestor. To sympathetic knowledge of Ireland he brings practical administrative information, for he mastered the problem of Nationalist discontent by serving under Mr. Balfour when he was Chief Secretary. Probably no Minister in the present Cabinet more thoroughly understands the work that lies in his hands than does the Chief Secretary. None works harder, and the result is that nothing is too minute in the maze of Irish affairs to escape his knowledge, and no scheme too large or complicated for his complete mastery of its ramifications.

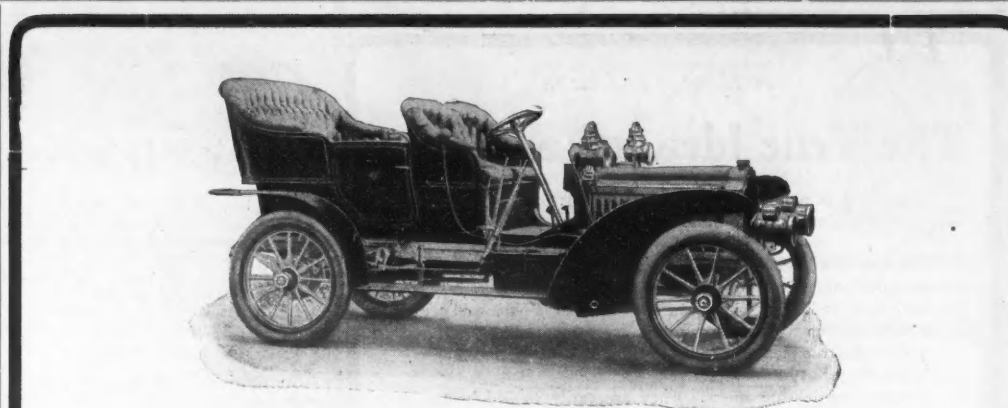
Add to all this a manner at once confident and firm, conciliatory in a parliamentary sense, and what ladies call "charming," and you have some of the qualities that have achieved success for Mr. Wyndham. He has the meekness which "suffers fools gladly" up to a point, and the sterling qualities of combativeness in reserve. When at the end of a long debate he has to decline urgent demands for the drainage of the Bann, or the dismissal of a policeman, he will talk for an hour with a suavity and open sympathy which disarm his foes, and all but convince them of their own unreasonableness. They accept from him a blank refusal with far better grace than they take from his Attorney-General the half of their claims. The law officer lacks the sympathetic touch.

It was the same when Mr. Wyndham was at the War Office, which was just then beginning to be the most unpopular office in the State. It has since easily displaced Dublin Castle from this unenviable pre-eminence. Mr. Wyndham became Under-Secretary for War in 1908 and during the early stages of the South African struggle he was required to justify the blunders of his department to an angry House of Commons.

Few have been so successful in handling with indignation over disasters and exposures of inadequate preparations, and one could imagine the most experienced Minister failing in the task of justification. But the Under-Secretary had a talent for persuasion, the gift of setting disagreeable facts in the best light, of finding crumbs of comfort in disaster, and on several occasions he turned aside the wrath of Parliament. The power of the orator gradually soothed the ruffled feelings of the House, and then as he won its interest he marched on from point to point of his official defence till he convinced it that after all the War Office was not as bad as it was represented, and eventually awoke some spark of sympathy for himself and the mysterious powers of *Pall Mall*. It was a striking achievement for so young a Minister, for so young a man, for he was then only thirty-six years old. He became Chief Secretary the following year, and entered the Cabinet in 1902 when only thirty-nine.

Mr. Wyndham's course has been somewhat of a "Primrose path." Success has come easily to him, waiting upon natural gifts and graces, a pleasing personality, undoubted capacity, and the industry that conquers. He has been called the best-dressed man in Parliament, and probably so. The verdict of the ladies' gallery is understood to indicate that he is the best-favored in the matter of good looks. In the intervals of editing Plutarch and Shakespeare, and writing poetry, he may have studied the art of the *coiffeur*, for even the style of his hair—now powdered with a silver frost—is the envy of the young bucks below the gangway.

When the cares of the Irish office can be cast aside he is full of boyish good



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humour. On a "fiscal night," if he knows he will not have to speak, he comes in after dinner to enjoy the fun, laughing and joking with his colleagues, who may be excogitating a reply to Mr. Asquith. It is the rebound from the strain which has held him solitary on that bench all the afternoon with a threatening army in front, and no friend but his law-officer at hand. Good humour seldom deserts him. The Nationalists call him "The Smiling Assassin," just as they spoke of "Buckshot Forster" and "Bloody Balfour," his predecessors in the evil days gone by.

Coming of a race of politicians, Mr. Wyndham found the parliamentary path opened before him. But at first he sought to see life, and joined the Coldstream Guards, a striping just out of his teens. Before he was twenty-two he had faced the perils of war, having fought with the Suakin Expedition and won medal and star. He was only twenty-four when he became private secretary to Mr. Balfour in Ireland. The next year he was elected to Parliament for Dover, and he has held the seat ever since.

Like many another gifted and ambitious man, he was disappointed to find that the House of Commons was not eager to listen to him. An agreeable voice, scholarly, and well-informed, if rather florid oratory, polished, perorations, and apt allusions from the classics do not catch the ear of Parliament. Mr. Wyndham took his defeat quietly, and waited. His chance came one night when Cecil Rhodes was under the Radical barrow, and a speech made on the spur of the moment, full of fire and earnestness, captured attention. The success was repeated, and improved upon.

He had been forgotten when Lord Salisbury formed his Ministry in 1895, but the changes three years later opened the way for his advancement, and Mr. Wyndham has abundantly justified Mr. Balfour's opinion of his qualities. At present his most dangerous foes are those of his own household, the Ulster Unionists, who are alarmed at the friendship between "The Smiling

Assassin" and the hereditary enemies of Chief Secretaries.

It might seem that as the King's Speech offers no Irish Bills, Mr. Wyndham will have an easy session. The reverse is the fact. The gentlemen from Ireland can only be appeased with gifts in the shape of legislation, and they will feel that they have now a free hand to turn upon and rend the representative of "The Castle" in the old manner. "The Assassin" will only smile, for he understands the game.

A. C.

The Mutual Life.

The thirty-fifth annual report of the Mutual Life Company of Canada, covering the company's operations for the year 1904, may be found elsewhere in this number of SATURDAY NIGHT. The income for the year, in premiums and interests and rents, amounted to \$1,725,308.90, and the net surplus over all liabilities, in Government standard of valuation, is \$1,049,400.71. The business for the year was most gratifying, exceeding that of any former year, and resulting in a net addition to the insurance in force of the handsome sum of \$2,889,419.

The Court was Kind.

The Court of Chancery in New Jersey dates back to 1705. In it many great lawyers practice, and in it also are found some unexpected displays of human nature.

A counsellor of Italian parentage some time ago presented a hopeless case before one of the most venerable and eccentric of the Vice-Chancellors. His argument was ingenious and given with a degree of enthusiasm which proved him to have the interests of his client at heart.

"I want to congratulate you, Mr. B," interrupted the court, "on the ability you have shown in this case."

"Thank you, your Honor, thank you," replied the pleased lawyer.

"Yes, you have conducted this suit as

well as anyone could—" "I am flattered," interrupted the delighted counsel, anticipating an immediate decision.

"Yes, you have done well. Remarkably well," commented the court, "but you have absolutely no case at all. I shall dismiss your suit."

A Change of Venue

There was once an Indiana judge who was proud of two things: his stern advocacy of the majesty of the law, and the pugilistic ability of his son. These two hobbies came into violent conflict once, but the problem was happily solved. It happened that the judge's farm was on the Ohio boundary, and one day he was sitting on a fence that separated the two states. While he was there his son and an acquaintance came along, quarrelling, and, when immediately in front of the judge, began to fight. The judge straightened himself to his full official dignity, and exclaimed: "In behalf of the majesty of the law, and in the name of the sovereign State of Indiana, I command you both to keep the peace!" Just at that moment the rail upon which the judge was sitting gave way and dropped him on the Ohio side of the fence. Instantly regaining his feet, and with an impetus of vociferation that eloquently proclaimed his partisanship, he shouted to his son: "Give him hell, Jim! I'm out of my jurisdiction!"

Magistrate—Do you promise to let liquor alone? Prisoner—Yes, judge; I promise. But Webster's dictionary sez there is a heap of difference between promise and assure. Magistrate—Well, then, we will make assurance doubly sure by locking you up.

Hercules had just captured the Amazonian girdle from Queen Hippolyta and was about to present it to Admetus. "Take it back," said the regal beauty, "and get me a straight front one." Disheartened by her unappreciativeness, Hercules tackled his next assignment.